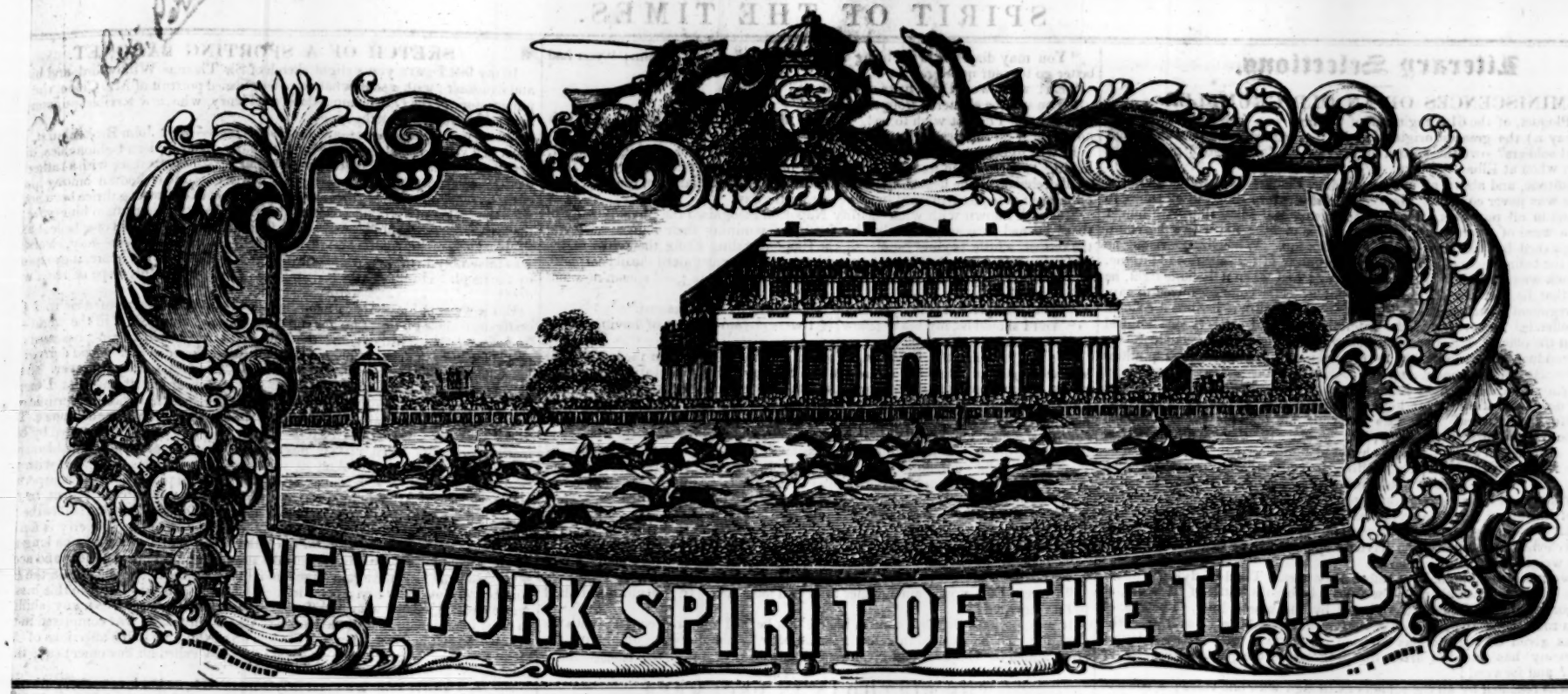

OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 1.

ORIGINAL.

HITS AT THE THREE KINGDOMS.

ENGLAND.

The sun ne'er sets on England's vast domain;
She rules the sea—some say. England, all hail!
But who rules England in this pride of power?
Why; *Dan O'Connell* and his Irish tail!

IRELAND.

The mermaid is so very rare,
Twas never seen, nor ever can:
So, never meet we any where
The fabled Irish *gentleman!*

SCOTLAND.

Johnson in Scotland saw a hungry crow
Picking its scanty food on muirland bare;
"Look, Boswell!" cried the cynic; "here's a show!
'A thing, with wings and will, *and yet stay there!*'

MONSTERS OVERLOOKED BY BUFFON,

UNSUSPECTED BY GOLDSMITH, AND NOT MENTIONED BY LINNÆUS.

NOT BY CORINTHIAN TOM.

It is surprising, that eminent naturalists have so long endeavored to inculcate the opinion, that wild beasts are only to be found among the brute creation; but the melancholy fact is at length ascertained—and this, too, without the use of Sir John Herschell's mammoth telescope—that many mighty *monsters*, besides those which usually haunt dens and caves, go loose in society, under false pretences deluding the public, on which they prey, into a belief of their harmlessness. We propose to enter this *menagerie* of newly-discovered specimens; and, with the reckless hardihood of "the lion feeder," to stir up a few of them with the long-pole of our ingenuity; and "to open the ball" with a "strong feature," we shall begin with

THE CONSEQUENTIAL-WISE-MAN-MONSTER.

Self-conceit, pomposity, and the profound admiration of old women, have been an over-match for the originally weak intellect of Mr. Owlstare. He now imagines himself a walking encyclopædia. Ask him to meet with the most eminent men of the day, and he never for a moment supposes the compliment is paid to him, but to them. Tell him one of your best stories: he merely hints that he has heard it better told before. Try him upon the fine arts; and he gives you to understand, that, unless you have been to the Vatican, you cannot sail on the same tack with him. He is not much liked; but he is immensely respected. He goes into the drawing-room, and the lady of the house carries him the tea-cup with her own hands; her eldest girl, "who was just seventeen the fifth of last September," brings him the cake; whilst every body begs the honor of drinking wine with Mr. Owlstare. He eats and drinks an unconscionable quantity, yet every one is continually beseeching him to eat and drink more. He goes home about ten—a kind of disagreeable caricature of Samuel Johnson; and his absence occasions, unconsciously, so general a relief, that the young people, in the exuberance of their spirits, propose a waltz, and the previous generation sit down to whist, enlivening the pauses of the game by the most lively encomiums on Mr. Owlstare.

THE CLEVER-YOUNG-MAN-MONSTER.

The growth of this species of monster has of late been so rapid, that it almost calls for the interference of the national legislature. Like the rats of the old Egyptian city, they threaten to eat up *every thing*. One can hardly turn without meeting this monster. He is about two-and-twenty; has rather an expressive face, and an interminable volubility of tongue; upon all subjects, he is equally at home; knows all about the *next* Pelham novel; writes for both the Monthly Magazines—at least, he *says* so—and can tell you by whom all the articles are written. His father is proud of him; his mother doats on him; his sisters admire him; and his cousins die for him. He publishes a thin volume, magnificently printed; his own portrait faces the title-page—his neck bare, and shirt-collar turned down (*à la Byron*), his hair combed over the left temple, and his eye looking upwards to see what is to be seen in the sky. Sensible men pronounce him a coxcomb—*we* know him to be a monster—but the uninitiated discover genius in every line and feature, and pretty milliners fall into pining melancholy by the hundred. All this, though it may make "the anskilful laugh," cannot but make "the judicious grieve." The clever-young-man-monster, unless roused by ridicule into common sense, sinks into premature oblivion, and lives to wonder at his own littleness.

THE INSIPID-YOUNG-LADY-MONSTER.

This is a harmless, but very annoying monster. She is rather pretty, lisps slightly, and, as the Ettrick Shepherd says, has a great quantity of "waving curls abune the bree." She very frequently sits beside you at a large and ceremonious dinner-party. You determine to be agreeable, and almost brilliant; but, to your infinite distress, you discover, before the soup is removed, that the fair automaton has, in her whole composition, only one idea and a half. She listens to you, but does not understand you; your most sparkling sayings she rewards with a look of gentle bewilderment—half reproachful, and half deprecatory—as if she fancied you were quizzing her. You at length labour to say things as full of inanity and silliness as possible, and she immediately regains her composure, and thinks you have begun to talk rationally. Her mamma watches the progress of the conversation, and is quite delighted with the attention you are paying her daughter. When you return to the drawing-room, a seat is reserved for you, as an especial favor, beside the Insipid-young-lady-monster. Your concealed yawns almost kill you; but, to make up for your real listlessness, you affect the most animated pleasure, and next day all your friends wish you joy, considering the marriage already fixed. The insipid young lady actually knits a purse for you, and sends it to you with a note, in which there are only three grammatical errors. For a month, the very sight of a female gives you the vapours; and you never go to a ceremonious dinner-party without fear and trembling.

THE DOUBLE-FISTED-STRONG-MAN-MONSTER.

This specimen is a lineal descendant of the sons of Anak. He is six feet three in height, and proportionably broad—belongs to all the gymnastic clubs; and athletic exercises engross all his time. He is continually walking backwards and forwards—upon his hands, upon his head—climbing up poles, and fifty other similar operations. No matter in what society, he never sits half an hour without offering to exhibit his powers, by lifting a chair in his teeth, and flinging it over his head, or bending the poker across his arm, or jumping over the table without breaking the decanters. If you ever meet him, you will recollect him, for he crushes every bone in your hand before he asks you "how d'ye?" He has bushy black whiskers—the voice of a lion—an immeasurable chest—and moves among the ladies like "a bull in a china-shop." He thinks himself the handsomest man in the city; and, by all persons *under* five feet six, is looked upon as the ugliest fellow in existence.

MANY OTHER MONSTERS:

Whom we can at present do little more than name. There is the *Universally-respected* or *Exemplary-monster*—one who wants the virtue to be great, or the passion to be egregiously wrong;—*the would-be-genteel-monster*—who is the most vulgar creature under the sun, because he does not know his vulgarity, and therefore does things which make every body blush for one who cannot blush for himself;—*the no-supper-eating-monster*—who sits down to that most social of all meals, and will touch nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of water, which he seasons with anecdotes of nightmare and apoplexy.

THE THEATRICAL-CRITITIC-MONSTER:

Who is the most supercilious wretch on earth; and, having sat in the galleries while a boy, and frequented the pit of a Saturday night, imagines himself a Hazlitt, and dissects a play or an actor as he would craunch a pea-nut.

THE [illegible]-OLEAGINOUS-SWEATING-MONSTER:

Who is one of those human *wags* of the mammoth ox species, that comes reeking and blowing into every crowd, dispensing the "odours of the sweet south," while leaning a ton's weight on your windward shoulder.

THE ABOLITION-SUPER-PHILANTHROPIC-MONSTER:

Whom bigotry and fanaticism have rendered a knave, and who hopes to cheat Heaven into a belief of his "good will to man," by cutting the throats of his neighbors, and marrying his daughter to his footman Cuffee.

THE GRAHAM-BREAD-MONSTER:

Who has so frequently stuffed his maw with indigestibles, to the ruin of his health, that his credulity and folly have induced him to expect relief by dying greatly in debt to his stomach.

THE WOULD-BE-UNACCOUNTABLE-MONSTER:

An innocent creature, who, not being able to assign any reason for his boobyism, thinks to escape the ridicule he deserves by pretending to act from some secret motive.

THE TIGHT-PANTS-AND-LOW-CROWNED-HAT-MONSTER:

Who, from being the son of a successful father, has consented to become the walking advertisement of his cunning tailor and a newly-established hatter.

THE PATRONISER-OF-AMERICAN-TALENTS-MONSTER:

Who is probably some foreign lessee of an American theatre, and thinks to cajole us by tickling our ears with appeals to our patriotism, and thus to cloak the fact of having converted his "nursery" into a harem.

THE FAVORITE-OF-OLD-LADIES-MONSTER:

Whose continued ill success with the young has driven him to the ranks of the old, and by his ready recipes for corns and babies' sore mouths, inveigles himself into their confidence, and basks in their good graces.

THE ETERNAL-WOULD-BE-WITTY-MONSTER:

A prince of bores and fustian—whom early application to Joe Miller made a dunce, and whose after reading consists in a revision of the same author.

THE OPERA-PRIVATE-BOX-AND-MUSIC-MONSTER:

Whoever really loves music, let him beware this cancer—this dolt—this conceited ape—whose asinine ears cannot distinguish between a note of Paganani and the filing of a hand-saw.

TH LOUNGER-IN-AN-EDITOR'S.OFFICE-MONSTER:

This *is* a monster—one whom it takes three chairs to hold—a dozen papers to satisfy—whose impertinencies. a thousand answers in a breath cannot satisfy. He finds fault with your editorials, turns up his nose at your best joke, and swears he has read your last sonnet in the classics.

THE DRURY-LANE-AND-COVENT-GARDEN-MONSTER:

An exotic—a quidnunc—a snuffer of candles in some minor theatre in some minor place; but, "to justify his training," will discourse to you most mellifluously on the merits of the dramatists, and overwhelm you with imitations of the "immortals,"

THE TOAD-EATING-ALMS-ASKING-MONSTER:

A perfect horse-leech, who has two pockets in his long-skirted coat—the one for the poor, the other for himself; yet both well filled—the first with coppers, the other with shillings.

THE TEMPERANCE-AND-ANTI-TOBACCO-MONSTER:

A Miss Nancy—who cannot drink for gluttony, and whose shattered nerves are daily prostrated by coffee; yet scouts "the glories of a cigar," and faints from the titillation of rapee.

THE DAPPER-HEAD-OF-ONE-WINTER-MONSTER:

A thing—an individual—to whose puppyism a notoriety is secured by his assiduity to mothers in general, the neglect of his sisters in particular, and the extensiveness of an umbrageous pair of deeply-dyed whiskers.

THE SPOILED-CHILD-OF-DOATING-PARENTS-MONSTER:

Always a mild, gentle, and reasonable creature, considerate of the convenience of others—regardless of its own—of whom selfishness forms no part, and to whom a sense of duty and veneration is an instinct; yet he beats mamma, braves papa, snow-balls the nursery-maids, and cuts off the tails of his sister's kittens.

THE ALWAYS-PROMENADING-BROADWAY-MONSTER:

A creature identified with the very signs on the shops—ever present, yet ever moving. Stop, and he will pass you; go on, and he will meet you: call, an you find him ringing at the door; drop your glove, he returns it; fall, he assists you up; cross the street, he's there; in darkness, he recognises you; ride, and he is galloping at your side; drive, and you run over him.

THE NEW-DRAB-SURTOUT-MONSTER:

A painted sepulchre—a fair outside—redolent of buckram and Saxony wool, stiff as a poker, and prim as mustard-seed—it takes him, and he can hardly.

THE SENTIMENTAL-YOUNG-LADY-MONSTER:

The sigh that feels no pain—a zephyr—a gleaner of Tom Moore's pathetics and Byron's purities—who doats on the sensibilities of Eloise, and languishes o'er the sufferings of Clarissa Harlow; yet combs her hair once a-week—cleans her nails with the comb, and picks her teeth with a fork—all *virtu*.

Here we must close our exhibition for the present, although we have displayed but a tithe of the specimens on hand; yet our labour will not have been in vain, if we succeed in opening the eyes of our friends to the qualities of those unredeemed monsters that daily surround them.

WHIM WHAMS AND ODDITIES.

On Crockett's return to his constituents after his first session in Congress, a nation of them surrounded him one day and began to interrogate him about Washington. "What time do they dine at Washington, Colonel?" asked one.—"Why," said he, "the common people, such as you, here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big bugs dine at three. As for us Representatives we, dine at four, and the aristocracy and the Senate, they don't get their victuals till five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" asked another.—"Old Hickory!" exclaimed the Colonel, (attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the dignity of the station,) "Old Hickory! well if he dines *before the next day* I wish I may be tetotally ——!"

T. S. Arthur, Esq,, assisted by John H. Hewett, Esq., are making the Baltimore Visiter one of the best weeklies in the country. Henry F. Harrington, a very clever writer, has got possession of the Boston Galaxy. C. J. D. Freeland, Esq., has become associated with our gifted friend James E. Brooks, Esq., the poet in the conduct of the Winchester (Va.) Republican. "Good wine needs no bush."

Our head as it appears to day hardly does justice to the artist, Mr. E. Forbes, who designed and engraved it. It will be perfectly finished for our next number.

Welsh, of the Terrapin Grotto, gives his grand Knickerbocker dinner on the 22d inst. You know Welsh—that's enough—you'll go of course.

Gilpin, of the Reading Room and Ship Letter Office, has got comfortably settled in his new quarters and invites his old friends to give him a call. Strangers in town will find papers there from all sections of the country and the tables covered with foreign periodicals, Gilpin has so contrived it that you can walk directly into his rooms in the new Exchange, from Broadway (the entrance is No. 56,) and having been a severe sufferer by the late fire, he prefers peculiar claims to the patronage of the community.

☞ Our Advertising friends must not complain—if they can help it—for the omission of their favors this week. A full page is on file for insertion, and we shall endeavor to give them a good place next week on the cover or paper.

A fine poem from the pen of F. L. Waddell, Esq., is unavoidably postponed until next week.

☞ Those of our readers who decline continuing their subscription another year, will please return the present number.

☞ We desire to give notice to those gentlemen who subscribed to the old series, *without having* paid in advance, that from this date they will be charged at the rate of $5,00 per annum.

Hard Heart—Joseph Rochlean. Esq., of Natchez, Miss., has disposed of this splendid racer together with his engagement with *Red Maria*, to William J. Minor, Esq.

A little spryer than chain-lightning whipped up!—The London Sun, a large daily evening paper, states that its large edition is printed at the rate of *one hundred sheets per minute!* Our neighbor here of "the respectable *penny*" diurnal of the same name have a steam press, which prints "like all creation," though it "can't begin" to strike off in hundred sheets per minute.

Scene from an "unwritten" Drama.—"My eyes! how infernal cold it is to-day. They say it's 10 degrees below Zero. What do you think of it, Mr. Editor?" "Why, as Crockett said, "it couldn't be many degrees colder, because the thermometers are not long enough!" "Do you call this cold?" asked an old Sea Captain. "Why, when I was off the coast last year, I had my thermometer hung up on a nail in the cabin, and it was so almighty cold one night, it broke the nail off!"

A queer fish promised to send us an account of the shooting down on Long Island, upon which devoted section of the State he has recently made a descent. He writes that the Deer shooting is excellent, *as he hears*, and concludes with this couplet from Byron:—

"Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold their spark,
And double-barrels (damn them) miss their mark."

Don't be discouraged man. Deer or no deer, your "*dear*" is determined you shall boast a pair of branching antlers on your return, so don't shoot your dog or swallow your ramrod!

ON A VERY FASCINATING BUT HEARTLESS WOMAN.

A woman with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds formed of dew.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Literary Selections.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD GRUMBLER.

Corporal Ploquet, of the 61st regiment of the line, was (without fear of contradiction I say it) the greatest original in the "grand army." It was to him that the "old soldiers" owe the epithet of *grognards*, (grumblers,) given them by Napoleon when at Elba.

A good comrade, and above all a brave soldier, Ploquet had but one fault; it was this: he was never content. He complained of every thing, at all times, in all places, and to all purposes. During four years bed-fellowship with him, I never heard a word of approbation come out of his mouth; never saw his countenance brightened by the least sign of satisfaction. When in garrison, he grumbled at the tediousness of repose; in a campaign, at the miseries of fatigue. When his sack was well filled, he found it heavy; and when it became light, he complained that he had not the power to refill it. His comrades used to say, that, in the regiment of *mal-contents*, Ploquet would be sure to become a colonel. No one was offended, however, with the grumbling corporal. Every one laughed at him; even the officers, who pardoned this whim of Ploquet's, in consideration of his good conduct, his courage, on every trial; and a host of good qualities which he possessed in an eminent degree.

It was during the campaign in Russia that this monomania of the corporal particularly developed itself. Our long marches across a country which had been set fire to and deserted, formed an inexhaustible text for his complaints. "If we go on much further this way," he would say, "we shall carry our bones to the end of the world . . . . I should like to know what we have to do in a country where we may march a hundred leagues without finding as much as a potato. . . . . Even if they would refresh us now and then with a few rounds of artillery, as a civillized people would do! but, no; we have not even the chance of burning a single cartridge, and I have five packets of them on my back!" This was an especial cause of complaint; and these cartridges, which he was apprehensive he should never have an opportunity of using, were an insupportable weight to the poor corporal.

But the two nations were not long before they met. Tired of flying without fighting, the Russians faced about. Two days before the battle of Moscow, at sunrise, the orders of the General were heard by the whole line. The Col. of the 61st then rode along the ranks of his regiment: "Soldiers!" said he, "the Emperor has given us the glorious mission of carrying one of the redoubts which the enemy has raised to arrest the progress of the grand army. *Vive l'Empereur!* and forward!"

The cry was repeated by all the soldiers as though with one voice; a voice of delight at their glorious destination.

Ploquet alone shouted not; perhaps no one but myself heard him mutter his reason for this silence: "This is always the story; they tell us that the greatest service they can render us, is to give us the chance of being the first to be cut in two by the shot of the enemy."

"How, corporal Ploquet," said I to him, "are you not enchanted to see those gallants there, so near us?"

"So near! yes, when we shall have marched an hour with our muskets on our shoulders, under the welcome of their cannon shot! Near! yes, when we have entered their squares, you may say they are near; but more than one half of our regiment will be fricasseed before we have power to do any thing."

"Well, but what glory!"

"Ah! *what* glory indeed! . . . . . to fall! Glory is neither for you nor me, nor those like us. We shall have none of it, even though others have too much. It is all very well for your Parisians to talk of in their fine bordered hats; your loungers and coxcombs, who wear new boots every day and eat three dinners."

The regiment was put on the march. An hour after, it deployed under the fire of the redoubt, the bullets from which carried away, every instant, entire files of our men. Our battalion was, above all, shockingly maltreated. There was even a momentary hesitation. Some of the newly enlisted soldiers, who had never before found themselves present at such a *fete*, made a half-turn round without waiting for orders. Ploquet, who was in the third rank, barred their passage, by crossing his bayonet against them, swearing at the same time that he would spit, like a lark, the first who gave ground even the length of hiss foot. He was still speaking, when a ball carried away his cartouch box. Never shall I forget the droll grimace he made; I never saw any thing like it before or since.

"Five packets of cartridges?" said he, grinding his teeth; "to travel two hundred leagues with them and never use a single one!"

At that instant the whole regiment threw itself forward in the *pas de course*.—The Russian artillery was hushed. That silence was terrible; it was a solemn moment; the oldest soldiers made a farewell sign to their comrades, and many of the officers shook hands with each other. Ploquet was about two paces from me. He grasped his musket convulsively; his eyes flashed fire, and his lips murmured. All at once a bluish light burst from the redoubt, a fearful sound of explosion made the ground tremble beneath us; and a thick smoke hid from us the field of battle, already strewed with bodies. Ploquet was no longer near me, and I believed him to have been killed; but the wind carrying off the smoke, I discovered the lower half of the corporal's body peeping out from the embrasure of a portbole, and wrestling violently to follow the other half which had struggled itself into the interior of the redoubt. I easily recognized him by the fragment of the cartouch box which was left him, and I hastened to his succor; but before I reached him he had got the whole of his body in; and, although I took the same way instantly, I could not discover him. It is true, indeed, that those who entered there, had not much time to spare in searching for lost comrades. The assault was continued: for the example of Ploquet had been followed by a host of "braves." They no longer fired; every where glistened the sabre and the bayonet, which made horrible carnage. They fought man to man; and rolled in the blood, or stumbled against the bodies of the fallen. This lasted for about twenty minutes, and I believe that there never was known a more terrible instance of wholesale *duelling*. At length the work of slaughter ceased, the air resounded with the cries of victory, the redoubt was ours, and our eagle was planted in one of the breaches.

A voice was now heard ordering the drum-major to beat "to the flag." There was no longer a drum-major. The master-drummers were called; there were no longer any master-drummers. They sought for the drummers; there were no drummers left. Four hundred men only were still standing; it was the only remnant left of a regiment which counted four effective battalions of eight hundred men each.

It was at this moment I found Ploquet once more, sitting on the ground, and leaning against a wheel of the fore-train. He was staunching with the sleeve of his shirt the blood which was flowing profusely from a wound he had received on the top of his head. I pressed forward to lend him my assistance, and then saw that the same stroke which had wounded him, had split the upper part of his schako.

"A lucky thing that it was so well filled," said I.

"Ah! do you call that lucky? Two packets of cigars spoilt; such as I never smoked before, and shall never meet with again!"

And he showed me the cigars which the cut of the sabre had chopped up.

"But had it not been for these cigars, corporal Ploquet, you must have been fricasseed."

"Well, that is possible."

His wound, fortunately, not being serious, he refused to accept the privilege of being considered as off duty, and only requested that his services might be dispensed with for twenty-four hours. He was put in the order of the day for his noble conduct, and received the felicitations of his colonel; but all without appearing more satisfied than usual.

On the morrow it was rumored through the army that the Emperor had received the portrait of his son, and that he had it placed outside of his tent, with the view of satisfying the curiosity of all. I proposed to Ploquet that we should go together to see this portrait. He agreed to the proposal—not without grumbling though—and we soon arrived near the tent, where we saw a crowd of superior officers. In the course of a few seconds we heard the name of Ploquet circulated amongst the groups. Then all at once the crowd separated, and the Emperor appeared at the entrance of his tent, looking searchingly on all around him; he pointed with his finger to corporal Ploquet, easily known on account of his headdress, composed of an oat-bag, covered with a blood-stained handkerchief. He gave orders that he should be told to approach him. The corporal obeyed, without appearing to be disturbed the least in the world.

"Ploquet," said the Emperor to him, "I know that you were the first to enter the redoubt in the affair of yesterday: you are a brave fellow; and I am well content with you."

"Faith, Emperor, it is no bad thing for you to be content; there are those here who are devilish little so."

A look of the Emperor put a stop to the murmur caused by this response, and Napoleon resumed:

"Well! look you, what is your wish? Is it advancement you desire?"

"Oh, mercy! Emperor, I cannot want more than I have here. It is quite enough to have an *esconade* on the arm."

"Is it, then, the cross you would have? As to this, it is only yours so far as we remain good friends."

And detaching his own cross, Napoleon, amidst general acclamations, presented it himself to Ploquet, who took it with one hand, whilst with the other he made the military salute. He then very calmly attached it to one of the buttons of his coat, without showing in his countenance the least sign of emotion. Of all the spectators of the scene, without excepting Napoleon himself, Ploquet's was the only unembarrassed countenance; and, on re-entering his tent, Napoleon could not forbear remarking, "that is a *grognard*—very difficult to satisfy."—The word was remembered: it will long be so.

A few days afterwards the famous proclamation was read to us, which begins with these words:

"Soldiers! behold the battle which you have so much desired."

"Desired!" murmured Ploquet, "there is no great haste to fight with empty stomachs."

"You may dispense with being there, corporal," I said to him; "you had better go to your quarters."

"Eh! what would you have me do there?"

"You will be sheltered from the cannon."

"But that I do not wish to be! Ploquet sheltered! It is very amusing, is it not, to hear all and see nothing? I am rather curious, sir!"

It was to be that he should not take part in that affair; for, during the night, having suffered much from his wound, the major told me that gangrene was to be apprehended if he heated himself the least in the world, and so, much in spite of himself, Ploquet remained inactive during the day.

It is well known with what facility Napoleon recognised the physiognomy of those he had once seen, and also his faculty of retaining their names. During the retreat, a little beyond Smolensk, the Emperor riding along the ranks of the regiments which marched in concert with the guards, recognized the old corporal.

"Well, my poor old Ploquet," said he to him, "there is good reason now not to be content."

"Faith, Emperor, I think you ought to be a little more so than us."

"And I should be, my brave fellow, if I were certain always of having a hundred thousand men like you."

We had to pass the Beresina. Ploquet and myself were on the bridge, and had accomplished about two-thirds of the passage, when, carried along by the crowd which precipitated itself onward like an avalanche, we were both thrown into the stream. The corporal, who was an excellent swimmer, passed his left arm under my chin, swimming with his right; and despite of the enormous pieces of ice which menaced every instant to cut us in two, we were the first to arrive on the opposite bank, which the Russian cannon was already sweeping. I wished to rest for an instant. Ploquet represented to me that, if we did not march on, we should be frozen before a quarter of an hour; and he betook himself to running, chasing me before him. But he had scarcely taken a hundred steps when he fell with his face in the snow. A ball had broken both his legs. I hastened to his relief.

"March on!" he exclaimed.

"Corporal," I replied, "you have saved my life within this very hour; I will never abandon *you*."

"March, I tell you, I am happier than you folks are. In five minutes I shall feel no more cold."

It was, perhaps the first time in his life that he had appeared content with his situation, and he expired in a few seconds after, whilst pressing on his lips the cross which the Emperor had given him some time previous. [Nat. Intelligencer.

THE BIRTHDAY IN DECEMBER.

Many a smile is sweetly beaming
On this dark, yet lovely day;
Many an eye with joy is gleaming,
Many a heart is fondly dreaming
That the month is May.

Many a step is tripping featly
To the maiden's chamber door;
Many a voice is wishing sweetly
Years of bliss in store.

'Tis the morn when light first blessed her
With its orient beam;
When her mother's lip first pressed her,
And her father's arms caress'd her,
In life's opening dream.

Had the skies been scann'd that morning,
Heaven's air-painted bow
Had been seen those skies adorning
With its varied glow!

And the stars, though waning pale,
As the sun gave daylight birth,
Surely lingered late, to hail
A sister-star on earth!

Not a wild-rose decked the plain,
Yet it blossomed on her cheek;
Winter held his flowerless reign—
Winter cold and bleak!

But a summer's warmth was glowing
O'er her infant doom;
Flowers that in her heart were blowing,
Passion-flowers, in sunshine growing—
There even now they bloom.

And may smiles be often blooming
On her natal day:
Eyes with joy be often gleaming,
Hearts sincere be often dreaming
That the morn is May;
Voices sweedly at her door,
Wishing years of bliss in store.

December, 1835.

AN ENGLISH HURDLE RACE.

BY LIEUT. SLIDELL, U. S. N.

I considered myself particularly fortunate, while at Brighton, to hear that there was to be a hurdle race over the neighboring course. This was a new style of racing, which had become very fashionable, and of which I felt very curious to see a specimen. On the morning fixed for it, it blew the usual hurricane. Sailor as I was, though a very tolerable horseman, I knew better than to perch myself on horseback in such weather, which was just the time for housing masts and striking yards instead of spreading any thing additional to the wind. I engaged a fly, therefore, to carry me to the scene of action; but while I was preparing to go, the driver took himself off. There was not a vehicle in sight, and there was no choice but to walk, which was indeed no very great hardship, as the distance was only a mile. The wind, moreover, was directly aft; and catching against my cloak, outspreading my elbows, drove me on like a ship under two lower studding-sails, making it only necessary to move my feet at double quick time, without making any muscular exertion whatever.

The hills which overlook Brighton landward, and protect it from north winds, are called the Downs. They are composed entirely of chalk, being covered with soil to the depth of a very few feet. They are not cultivated, but almost everywhere covered with grass, which serves as an excellent pasture for sheep, producing mutton of very superior flavor, which is very celebrated. These hills have a gradual swell, and are not disagreeable objects, though monotonous and naked of trees. They were to be the scene of the race; and on reaching the allotted spot, I already found the place thronged with people. I at once took refuge in the station-house, to escape from the force of the wind, which here blew with tenfold fury.

On looking round me from this more comfortable post, the scene which presented itself was gay and animated. There was a brilliant assemblage of the rich and distinguished population of the neighboring watering-places; some were in tasteful chariots, driven by gaily-dressed postillions; others, driving four in hand; mounted gentlemen followed by their grooms, or others, who were officers, by their orderlies in uniform; the grooms being usually more gaily mounted than their masters. Notwithstanding the violence of the wind, there were even ladies on horseback, though they seemed as if about to be torn into ribands, and riven piecemeal by its violence. Among the more undistinguished throng were groups of private soldiers in their gay scarlet; stout and merry wives from the neighboring villages, who seemed not at all afflicted by the discomposure of their dress; and numbers of sturdy peasants in smock frocks, leathern leggings, like stockings, and apparently as much fixtures as those of Gurth the swineherd, and having on coarse laced shoes, shod with pounds of iron; there were also venders of cakes and strong beer, attending to the behests of these last as they called out roughly—"I say, master! a pint of heavy wet!" Some fellows were trying in various parts of the field, not everywhere ineffectually, to start some game they might turn to their advantage, or to get up a fight which might be useful to them; others, very much out at the elbows, slyly skulked about, watching, apparently, for a chance to lift the "blunt," or other moveable property of the unwary, when they should be lost in the excitement of the race.

The ardor with which these manly sports are pursued in England, was sufficiently shown by the circumstance of so great a crowd having assembled, notwithstanding the unpropitious character of the day. The wind, indeed, blew with such violence, that the garments of the spectators fluttered on all sides like split topsails in a hurricane at sea; hats, handkerchiefs, shawls, and cloaks, were perpetually escaping, and driving far before the blast. The horses often refused to face it, and turned to escape its force, and in the course of the day, I saw, myself, two flies, now first doubtless meriting the name, which were blown completely over, carrying the drivers with them. One of these accidents occurred immediately beneath the station-house, amid a large crowd, where many might have been injured and possibly killed, but, very fortunately, there was no one caught by the overturned vehicle.

The course over which the race was to be run was neither level nor circular. It was nearly two miles long, branching out into an illiptic form at the extremity, which turned the horses, and brought them back again to the stand, by the same road on which they had left it. In leaving the starting-place, the horses were to leap, in succession, three sheep-hurdles—a species of wicket-fence, three or four feet high, and used as a temporary enclosure for sheep—placed at distances of a hundred yards from each other, and these were to be again leaped in returning to the winning-post.

The scene was brilliantly animated within the enclosure, when the cloths were stripped off the horses, and the riders vaulted into the saddle. The horses, ten in number, were stout and powerful hunters, and though not full-blooded, or having a very racing look, yet still appearing well suited to the heavy work that was before them. The riders were all gentlemen, generally riding their own horses, and beautifully dressed in white breeches, top boots, and caps and jackets of crimson, purple, violet, or tartan. They sat finely and gracefully on their powerful horses, heedless of hurdles, hurricanes, or whatever might betide them, though the feat they were about to undertake was not wholly without its dangers.

At length they all started together, and at a round pace. The horse mounted by the rider in tartan, which was as gallant in his bearing as any, at the outset, refused the very first hurdle, flinging his rider with a sudden bolt completely over his head. He was, however, any thing but a dead man; in an instant he was mounted, and at length fairly forced his horse over. Charging boldly at the second hurdle, his horse bolted again, and he again made a somerset, and so on three times in succession, at each falling on his back or head with more or less violence, but with no diminution of courage. Meantime, the rest pursued their way with such fortune as they might. In returning to where the tartan chief was fiercely battling with his recusant charger, two horses swerved in leaping the hurdle, and came with their riders violently to the ground. And thus the race continued through its various heats, the horsemen riding over each other in turn, and each meeting with accidents enough to have killed a dozen, yet the whole ending without one broken bone, or a single one of the hardy horsemen losing heart, however maltreated. The spectacle, on the whole, was the most brilliant one of the sort I had ever seen; and the exhibition of the bold and fearless character which is developed among Englishmen by the pursuit of field-sports, was most creditable to the country, and pleasing to contemplatet.

SKETCH OF A SPORTING BARONET.

In my last I gave you a slight sketch of Sir Thomas Willowford, and his lady and daughter: with a somewhat more lengthened portrait of Mr. Colon, the great punctuator; or the Old Comma-dore, as Henry, who is a terrible punster, calls him. To proceed with the group.

One of our greatest lions—and newest arrivals—is Sir John Brakenhurst, a Baronet of a very ancient family, who, like many of our modern fashionables, divides his attention between his grooms and the fair sex—only treating with a rather more tender consideration the former of these worthies. He is known among his own circle as *the man of three fortunes*: from the fact of his having thrice been honored with the favors of the blind goddess; the partial lady having raised him twice from the lowest state of pennilessness. His first fortune, his paternal one, he lost among the blacklegs of Newmarket and Doncaster. He was penniless—nay, worse—he was miserably in debt. Want stared him in the face: it did more, it grasped him by the hand. He was at the last stage of misery. His only hope of relief was in *death*.

But it was not his own death our hero contemplated: it was of a rich old Gloucestershire uncle of his, who had no other relation than Sir J. in the world—and *no housekeeper*. He died; and the Baronet saw himself again possessed of an ample fortune; a splendid one, indeed, for it far exceeded that he had derived from his paternal estates. In his poverty he had forsworn the turf forever. And he kept his vow—at least, after a fashion. He never again appeared at Doncaster or Newmarket, or any other of the *public* race-grounds, but made no scruple of indulging his old *penchant* by attending all the *park* meetings that took place. There was a difference, he said, between the *turf* properly so called, frequented by blacklegs and sharpers, and a private meeting in a friend's park, when noblemen and gentlemen are the actors. And he soon found it out to his cost: for, with what celerity and to what extent soever he might have been plucked by the sharpers and blacklegs, he lost far more to his friends the nobility and gentry. In fact, he made such good use of his time, that he had dissipated his whole fortune before the legal documents were completed which put him in possession of it. Poverty is fertile of vows. The Baronet made a new one—never again to lay a wager as long as he lived. So amiable an adjuration could not fail of being propitious; and accordingly Madame Fortune again gave him a lucky turn of her wheel: again the Blue-coat boy of Fate drew him a prize in life's lottery. His benefactor in this instance was a rich old nabob, who cut off some score of relatives with as many shillings, in order to enrich our friend the Baronet, whose only claim was comprised in these two words—John Brakenhurst. He had no earthly title to the affections of *Monsieur le defunct* (as a French undertaker politely called his customer) save that of bearing the same name.

Sir John, I have said, is a great lady's man. He makes love to them all—maid, wife, and widow. Henry has given him the name of *Suitor Johnny*. But how, you will ask, how is it that ladies will suffer him thus to trifle with them? How is it that husbands, and those more jealous guardians, mammas, will allow him to continue his flirtations, when they know him to be so volatile? A little conversation that I had with mamma yesterday will let you into the secret.

"My dear," said she, "the hounds meet within a few miles of the hall this morning, and Sir John Brakenhurst has kindly offered to be your escort, if you like to go and see them throw off. I observed that he was very attentive to you last night; and I need not tell you that a man of his fortune and family"——

"But, my dear mamma, Sir John's known fickleness"——

"Don't interrupt! and don't tell me about fickleness! What you call fickleness is only a laudable desire *not to throw himself away* (with an emphasis and a significant look that pointed at poor Henry;) and, poor man, among the *liaisons* he has had—I don't wish to be severe on our friends, but"——

"But mamma, you know I hate riding."

"Hate riding! madness!"

"Madness! why, mamma, havn't I heard you say a hundred times that riding was your abhorrence?"

"Yes, my dear, that is very true: but the case is very different. Riding is my abhorrence—for I never could sit a horse well in my life: but *you*, my dear,—you ride admirably. Go, get on your habit directly." And with that mamma left, with a look that said, I will be obeyed.

Well, said I, as soon as I was left alone, that's very true: I do *not* look ill on horseback: and Henry is to be out this morning: so, *in obedience to mamma*—In short, Mr. Editor, I went.

Our ride to covert was agreeable enough; for the party was large, and the conversation general. When the hounds were thrown in, and the riders began to disperse, Sir John led me away to a point of the wood where he said he was sure the fox would break.* We were *tete-a-tete*.

"Miss ——," began the Baronet, as soon as he saw we were alone, "you cannot but have observed the effect which your charms have had on me. It is my misfortune, I know, to be considered fickle, if not altogether heartless—Get away, *Prattler* (to one of the hounds, which just then popt its head out of covert)—nothing can be more unjust. My heart is as tender, and as full of sensibility as any man's—more so, perhaps—Go on, *Modesty!*—but it has never before been my lot to encounter such charms as I now see before me—charms not of person alone, but charms of mind—have a care, *Vanity!*—it's saying little to say that I have no peace but in your presence: my thoughts, waking and sleeping, are occupied with one only object—my pleasure, by day and by night, is to contemplate your charms, and to reflect upon your excellencies, and I call heaven to witness——Hark! halloo! away, by ——"

And in one moment more I was left "alone with my glory;" my impassioned lover scampered away over the hedge and ditch as hard as he could scamper.

[Court Journal.

* Don't be surprised at my being so conversant with the technicalities of the chase; for the fact is, the gentlemen give us such ample opportunities of instructing ourselves in these matters, that I could almost write a treatise on the subject.

AMERICAN WOMEN.—The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling: To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Colonel Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said, "It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest—America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward, in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk—"What do you expect to find there?" asked the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search, then," said Mrs. Hall; "you may find plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the chamomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance "The *rebel flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" asked the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "*it thrives most when most trampled upon.*" [Poulson.

"MY WIFE WANTS SOCIETY."—What a terrible rig some wives lead their poor hen-pecked husbands. The other day, a spiritless cur of this kind addressed a gentleman in a neighboring town, and inquired if *he* could obtain a situation thereabouts in a cotton factory. His wardrobe indicated any thing but that distress which his tone of voice and piteous look seemed to imply he was suffering. "I have," said he, in reply to a question which allowed him freely to unburthen his mind, "a snug farm in New Hampshire, where I live, with plenty of live stock, a good homestead, and barns, and every thing about me that is comfortable: can smoke my pipe, drink cider, and should be happy, but my *wife* aint easy. She wants me to turn pedlar or go into a cotton factory, because," said he, and he looked unutterable things as he spoke, "*my wife wants society!* Formerly," he continued, "she had a spasm to go to the West. We packed up our duds and went to the Ohio, where, to gratify her, I bought a nice farm. Then she had another spasm, and just before harvest, she began to grow restless, and declared she'd return. If you wont go with me, said she, I'm *determined* I'll go alone.—So we dragged ourselves back to New England." Again it seems she has become uneasy, and in mid-winter this hen-hussy has pushed off her jaded and terrified husband, determined to get him into a factory or transform him into an intinerant pedlar! "And all this," said he, as he cast a fearful look in the direction of a tavern, where this lioness was temporarily caged, "to please my wife, because she *wants society!*" Poor fool! It seemed to relieve him of a mountain load to disburthen his breast of such an overwhelming weight of matrimonial woes and grevances! Yet he is still to be driven about from post to pillar and pillar to post, merely because this vixen of a wife "*wants society!*" [Northampton Cour.

The following, as a piece of description, is admirable; as like the man as a picture. Mr. —— is Trelawny, the author of "The Adventures of a Younger Son;" he has been some years in this country: "We reached Albany in very good time for dinner. Mr. —— dined with us; what a savage he is in some respects. He's a curious being; a description of him would puzzle any one who had never seen him. A man with the proportions of a giant for strength and agility, taller, straighter and broader than most men; yet with the most listless, indolent carelessness of gait, and an uncertain wandering way of dropping his feet to the ground, as if he did'nt know where he was going, and did'nt much wish to go any where. His face is as dark as a Moor's with a wild strange look about the eyes and forehead, and a mark like a scar upon his cheek; his whole appearance giving one an idea of toil, hardship, peril and wild adventure. The expression of his mouth is remarkably mild and sweet, and his voice is extremely low and gentle. His hands are as brown as a laborer's; he never profanes them with gloves, but he wears two strange magical looking rings; one of them which he showed me, is made of elephant's hair."

A sporting clergyman, the rector of Donegore, Ireland, while lately indulging in the *pastoral* recreation of the chase, had his horse taken from him for trespass by a parishioner, and sent to the pound, as a sort of set-off to the tythe-tax.

English Sporting Varieties.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 1, 1836.

You think that the readers of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" would be gratified with a "Sporting letter" from Europe: and you make the experiment, through me. That is (but pray do not let it go farther) you are willing to incur an extra expense to eventuate, should the said weekly letter become popular, in a proportionate increase of your exchequer. Is it not so?

The term "sporting" has suffered a change, like many others. Ten years ago, in the high and palmy days of Tom and Jerry, the "sporting" character was a frequenter of flash public houses—a patron (a would-be patron) of the prize ring—an especial amateur in such rational amusements as old women running races in sacks, or old men grinning through a collar for a wager,—a noted *cove* at the fives'-Court,—a regular *better* at the billiard table, in short, *up* to every *thing*, and *down* upon every body.

Times are changed. The "sporting" character has ceased to be a mixture of the pugilist, the bully, the fancyman, and the blackleg. He is more respectable in appearance as well as utility; in a word, he is as much of a gentleman as he can well be.

This is an improvement. What has caused it? Simply this—THE DECAY OF PUGILISM.

If you knew what a curse the prize ring has been; how low—how brutalizing—how dreadful in its effects, you would exult as I do, that this fashionable curse has abated in England, and that its taint is little known in America. Had I an enemy whom I wished to ruin, body and soul, I would ask no more than to turn him out into the company of pugilists and their *clique*, and the matter would be effected without delay.

Ten years ago, and the pugilistic corps, in London, amounted to as many as 500 to 1000. Of those, there was scarcely one who was not a depraved character: scarcely one who was not "sock of the walk" in some public house.—*There*, he ruled the roost, and, bragging of the delights of "The Fancy," inoculated callous apprentices and journeymen artisans with a thirst for such *polite* accomplishments. Ten to one but that the pugilist was also a pickpocket or a burgler; if so, the ruffian could, and did make converts, when and how he pleased, to his more secret and more nefarious calling.

Pugilism is at a discount. We have no such things now as a regular pitched battle. I have seen forty noblemen and nearly 60 members of the House of Commons at a prize fight between two ruffians, who had made what is called "a cross," and thus gulled the aristocracy—their "honorable," and "right honorable" patrons! The thing was fashionable.

It was thus—two fellows had a match made. They had friends who backed them at from $1000 to $10,000 a-side, on a "fair pitched battle." The backers were in league, and secretly acted in concert. A and B were respectively betted on, and the newspapers kept up the interest by the publication, from time to time, of paragraphs as to the "training of the men." Then, there were meetings held at flash public houses, to pay the money deposits, said payments being as frequent as possible, to keep up the excitement. Then, at the last deposit, the pugilist on each side made his appearance, (the company consisting of all grades, from the peer to the dustman), and in all probability stripped, (the flash phrase is, "peeled to his buff"), to shew "his condition." Then, his health was drank, and he came forward with a brief speech, in which he promised to fight fair, and then on this promise bets were laid, doubled, trebled, until actually £100,000 had changed hands on the issue of one fight!

Meanwhile, the backers quietly made up their books—that is, made heavy bets and booked them. One man, perhaps, might be the favorite, and the bets would run in his favor; the backers would bet *with each other* heavily, so as to gull the flats to follow their example. Thus, one side would have *nominal* bets to the amount of $100,000, and hedge, on the other side, with real betters to half that amount. The other party would bet (with real betters also) at the odds against the man most likely to lose; that is, they might take 2 to 1 on the weakest man—say $200,000 on the fight, having previously arranged among themselves, the combatants consenting, that the best man should *lose* the battle.

The battle would take place—the pugilists would fight their thirty or forty rounds (oftener more, to run the chance of more bets and avoid the chance of detection), and then, as if by accident, the favorite would get a strong hit, fall down, be unable "to come to the scratch" when "time" was called, and the victory would be won, by the inferior man, to the great profit of the backers, who would then divide the spoil.

The beaten party was often very much "punished," (having got and given a good beating, to make the affair appear a bona fide fair "stand-up fight"), but oftener affected to be much injured. He got blooded, remained in bed for a week, returned to London where his friends condoled with him as "a brave fellow," challenged his late competitor, had a new battle, beat him on the cross, and thus the game went.

I remember an instance, however, where there was "a cross" resumed. This was in 1829, when Big Brown, of Bridgnorth, fought with Ikey Dobell. Brown was a terrific pugilist—about six feet high—weighed 16 stone, but was withal so active that he could jump over a tavern table without a run, or into a sugar hogshead, and out of it, in a minute. It was arranged that Brown, who had beaten Phil Sampson (the Brummagem boxer) and some other difficult customers, should lose the fight; and the conspirators who took four to one that Dobell would be beaten chuckled with the idea of making a fortune by the ⋈.

But, they reckoned without their host. Some one *split*, and Brown's admirers, who betted so heavily on him, having learned that he was to have $2000 for losing, offered him double that if he would win! He took the offer—kept quiet on it—went on the field—and when shaking hands with Dobell, before the first round, said "Friend Ikey, 'tis *no* cross." He knocked him up in nine rounds, pocketed his $4000 and the losing party dared not make any noise about it, for their own sakes!

Such things as these would, of themselves, have knocked up pugilism. But there were concurrent causes—the chief was the immense number of men killed in these pitched battles. The average could not be less than twenty every year. As it is, pugilistic encounters rarely take place now; seldom, if ever, is a regular pitched battle fought. The magistrates are determinedly against them.

From what I have above detailed, your readers will see that America loses nothing by not encouraging prize fights.

The sports of England may be ranged thus: races, hunting, steeple chases, shooting, and fishing. About these I may be able to communicate some information, but I must decline aquatic races, cricket, or such sports as are not very likely to interest American readers.

Races, which were wont to be very dishonest, are now much improved; and at Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood, and Newton, the running is as fair (generally) as if the owners ran their cattle for the honor of victory instead of heavy stakes.

What contributes to this fair play, is the fact that the jockies now are paid most liberally if they win. I have heard that one jockey (Conolly), got as much as 7000 dollars for winning the St. Leger, at Doncaster. Mr. Mostyn, the owner of the winner of the last St. Leger, gave his jockey $2500 and a piece of plate worth nearly as much more.

The manner in which our race horses are *now* forced, must injure them exceedingly. The breeds must become attenuated by the constant aim at *speed*, and the consequent neglect of *sinew*. Besides, we make them run too early; this weakens them, and hence the deterioration of the stock from prematurely broken down sires and dams.

The hunters' stakes are becoming generally common at races of any importance, as a counter balance to this proference of swiftness to strength. The late King was understood to have lamented that the *useful* was neglected in the desire to rival Eclipse and his mile in a minute! He was an anxious advocate for hunter's stakes.

The races of this year will be extremely fine if the horses named will come forward. But, as you may be aware, entries are made by nomination for horses actually not foaled at the time of entry!

I shall take care and forward full and late, and authentic notes of the various races which may take place.

It may not be out of place to add, that good racers are becoming *very* scarce in England. The fact is, there are immense exports of our best horses to Russia, France, Germany, and America. The sales are made, per orders, by Tattersalls of London, and they complain, it is said, of the difficulty of pleasing their Yankee customers. This, I take to be a compliment to your judgment in horse flesh.

It is curious how little is known, in the sporting world, of America. A gentleman who is a good deal on the turf, asked me the other day if I thought there ever were races in America. I handed him a number of the *Spirit of the Times*, and he sent it back the next day with a message, that "the American papers were so serious in hoaxing as almost to baffle detection; but *he* was not to be taken in by accoun of races in America, for where could they get the jockies?" The gentleman's information and reasoning powers are pretty much upon an equality. I have since convinced him that the accounts of races in America are bona-fide correct; and he confesses "that he had no idea civilization had made such progress!"—There's a John Bull for you.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

TATTERSALLS, TUESDAY, Dec. 29.—*No change in the Betting.*

CHESTER TRADE CUP, p. p. (country prices).

10 to 1 against Sir G. Pigot's Altamont, (taken).
10 to 1 —— Lord Westminster's Touchstone, (taken).
10 to 1 —— Any other.

At the sale of the late Mr. Beardsworth's racing stud, last week, Independence fetched 58 gs; Longwaist filly, 78 gs; and a bay colt by Bustard, 50 gs. Brother to Derby was not sold.

DONCASTER RACES.—The nominations for the St. Leger, the Champagne, the Two-year-olds, and the other Stakes, will take place at York, London, and Newmarket, on Friday next. The number of horses at present at work at the various training establishments is large; and confident anticipations are entertained that the entries will be equal, if not superior, to any former years. The Newmarket St. Leger and several of the York stakes close at the same time.

Mr. Robinson's Whaley arrived at Rogers's livery stables, at Newmarket, a few days ago.

STATE OF THE ODDS—DEC 21.

THE DERBY.—A little business was transacted on Monday at the prices below, which do not vary much from those formerly quoted. The Mummy and Nell Gwynne are in considerable favor, and several parties appear anxious to get on about Taishteer, Seamew, and Treadmill. Emiliana is friendless, and Whaley, notwithstanding the "Manchester Division" appear (by their Papers) to be uncommonly sweet at 20 to 1, finds no favor in London at nearly double the odds. The following are Monday's prices:

11 to 1 agst The Mummy (taken)	20 to 1 agst Emiliana (no backers)
11 to 1 —— Bro. to Nell Gwynne (take 12 to 1)	1000 to 30 —— Taishteer (taken)
	1000 to 30 —— Whaley
13 to 1 —— Bro. to Riddlesworth	35 to 1 —— Seamew colt (t 40 to 1)
17 to 1 —— Babel colt (take 20 to 1)	5000 to 125 —— Trgadmill (taken)

THE OAKS.

7 to 1 agst Bequest filly (taken 8 to 1)	7 to 1 agst Marmalade (take 8 to 1)

PORTLAND HANDICAP, P. F.

4 to 1 on the field, and offers to back Mundig against anything.

HIS MAJESTY'S STUD.—The following is a list of this extensive stud:—

Stallions.—The Colonel, Actæon, Rubini, and Cain.

Blood Mares.—Arabian mare, Ada, Belvoirina, Black Daphne, Codicil, Delphine, Elizabeth, Elfrida, Fleur de Lis, Galatea, Gulnare, Locket, La Danseuse, Marphesa, Maria, Miss Craven, Miss N'Neil, Miss Clifton, M. by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam, M. by Partisan, out of Pawn, Posthuma, Pesi, Rachel, Spermaceti, Scandal, Sultana, Sister to Sailor, Wings, Xarifa, Young Mouse, and Young Espagnolle.

Foals.—Colts: By the Colonel, out of Spermaceti; by the Colonel, out of Posthuma; by the Colonel, out of Galatea; by the Colonel, out of Scandal; by the Colonel, out of Locket; by the Colonel, out of Sister to Sailor; by the Colonel, out of the Partisan mare; by the Colonel, out of the Arabian mare; by Taurus, out of Miss Clifton; by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse; by Bizarre, out of Young Espagnolle; by Peter Lely, out of Miss O'Neil; by Sir Benjamin, out of Miss Clifton.—Fillies: by Sultan, out of Rachel; by Emilius, out of Ada; by Tranby, out of Elfrida; by Priam, out of Delphine; by the Colonel, out of Peri; by Grey Comus, out of Xarifa; by Camel, out of Codocil.

The Taunton steeple chase took place on Wednesday week. The starting point was the Windmill, at Lillesdon, and the goal Ruishton Church; a track of country which, although no more than three miles in extent, was intersected by gates, hedges, and banks, which required nearly forty leaps, most of which were taken in gallant style. The ground was very spiritedly contested, and the match was won by Mr. Rendell, who, with Mr. Gillam, were the only competitors, although the novelty of the occasion attracted an unusual concourse of horsemen and spectators. The distance was done in thirteen minutes and a half. About £200, it is said, changed hands in various bets on this occasion. Another match by the same parties, it is said, has been arranged.

MR. HOULDSWORTH'S TRAINER.—The paragraph which went the round of the papers, stating that Beresford was leaving Mr. Houldsworth's service is untrue. True it is that he will no longer train his horses which race in Lancashire, Cheshire, and the northern counties; but he will, in future, train all such horses as Mr. Houldsworth intends to run at Newmarket, where Beresford is now residing, having six or seven horses there under his superintendence, the property of that gentleman. The other portion of Mr. Houldsworth's stud will in future, be trained at Newton, and not on Sherwood Forest.

TRIBUTE TO HONESTY.—Messrs. Jones, and Son, of Liverpool, are about finishing a very neat Silver Cup, to be presented to John Blinkhorn, trainer of the Queen of Trumps (winner of the Oaks and St. Leger.)

A correspondent begs us to place "Elizabeth, by Waverley, at 20 to 1, taken freely," in the betting on the St. Leger!! We have never even heard her name mentioned at Tattersall's, and are quite sure that nothing has been done elsewhere to justify such a quotation.

Lord Eglinton and Sir F. Goodricke are appointed Stewards for the Doncaster Races next year.

Mr. Walker's colt, by Sultan, out of Velocipede's dam, has arrived at Howe's stables at Newmarket, from the north.

FEAT EXTRAORDINARY.—A few days ago a party of gents at the Albion Hotel, Manchester, enjoying the evening, made a wager with one of the party to the following effect:—That the said individual could not draw in his own gig one of the party (a very heavy man) to his residence at Cheetham-hill, a distance of 2¼ miles in two hours: which feat he accomplished in ten minutes under the time, although the whole distance is up hill (collar work). They were accompanied by several coaches laden with gentlemen to witness the performance, who did not forget there was an excellent supply of brandy and water in Hallinch-lane. The wager was only for £10, but there was considerable betting on the event.

PEDESTRIANISM.—One of the most splendid assemblages of the "Knights of the Steel Bar" that ever graced the liberties of St. Giles', took place on Monday last, at the White Horse Gardens, Manchester, to witness a race of 100 yards for £10, between Jem Winterbottom, alias Sparrow, (whose match is still on with Kenyon,) and Jack Donahoe, the Flying Tailor, against whom 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 were laid, owing to his being unknown. Sparrow took the lead about a yard, to which he kept adding throughout, and won the match easily by three yards. Sparrow can be matched to run one hundred yards against any man in England, provided he be no more than two inches taller than himself, for £25 or £50 a-side. He may be heard of at the White Swan, Cross-street, Norton-street, Salford. His height is 5ft. 1¾ in.

WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Saturday week a most excellent match against time was performed by S. Herbert, Esq., on a well-selected two-mile piece of ground on Blackheath. The match was for £25, and the distance to be performed twenty-two miles, in four hours. On starting, bets against the completion of the task were freely offered at six to four, and taken. After fourteen miles had been done, the "knowing ones" hung back a little, and the betting became level. Mr. H. completed his task, with 1m. 20sec. to spare.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The race between Sparrow, of Bolton, and Kenyon, of Rochdale, for £30, which was to have taken place last Monday, on the Manchester race-course, did not come off, on account of the latter being indisposed, but the stakes still remain to be contended for. Betting, 7 to 4 on the feathered tribe.

The match of one mile, between Brindle, of Colton, and Wild, of Heywood, for £25 a-side, decided on the Manchester race-course on Wednesday week, was cleverly won by Wilde, in spite of some very unfair play on the part of the Boltonions. He performed the mile in five minutes and four seconds, notwithstanding the interruptions.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The pigeon match came off at the Red House Inclosure, on Tuesday last, for £25 a side, between Mr. Toby and Mr. Bloodsworth, and was decided in favor of Mr. B., who beat his opponent by four birds. Another match is made; Mr. Toby to shoot with an unlimited charge, while Mr. B. is not to exceed 2oz.

The shooting season at Hydepark, Sheffield, commenced on Monday with a match between Messrs. Leaf and Gregory for 20*l*., the former winning by two birds. A sweepstakes will be shot for at the same place on Saturday next for a fat pig. A match between Messrs. Broadhead and Leaf for 20*l*. has been made; two birds in the trap, double shot, which is expected to come off on the 28th.

Mr. Bloodsworth will shoot with Mr. Day, of Ashton-under-Lyne, at fifty pigeons each, twenty-one yards rise from the trap; and he may shoulder his gun if bethinks proper, previous to the bird rising. The match to take place at Manchester, provided Mr. Day will place in the hands of Mr. Edge, of Manchester, the sum of £20, that sum to be given to Mr. B. to defray his expenses; or Mr. Day may accept of the same sum to pay his expenses to London, if he will shoot at fifty pigeons each, for £50 a side, twenty-one yards, from five traps. The £20 shall be deposited in the hands of the Editor of "Bell's Life in London."

Two matches have been made between Mr. Groom and Mr. Taylor for 25*l*., each a side; the first at 25 and the second at 20 yards from the five traps, according to the fair rules of the Red House Club; 25 birds each. These matches will both come off at the Battersea Inclosure on Wednesday next.

Mr. Bowden, of Chalk Farm Tavern, intends giving a silver chased tankard and cover to be shot for on Tuesday next.

A match was shot on Wednesday last, at Hampton, between Messrs. Mansell and Wixen, at six pigeons each, which, after some excellent shooting, terminated in favor of Mansell, who killed all his birds. Mansell shoots against Benn, at 11 birds each, on Tnesday next, at Hampton.

SNIPE SHOOTING.—During the present frost, Mr. Sampson, at his ponds just above Aylesford, Kent, has sprung eighteen snipes in two mornings, and killed thirteen of them.

FALCONRY IN ESSEX.—Within the last few weeks Danbury has been honored with the presence of Lords Frederick, Charles, and Henry Beauclerk, who have been staying at the Griffin Inn, for the purpose of enjoying the ancient diversion of hawking. A grand day's sport was enjoyed last week upon the manor farm, Woodham Walter, where there was no lack of birds. The Noble Lords carried their guns, and the hawks acted the part of dogs in finding the game. On entering a field, a hawk being let fly, traversed the whole of it, and on finding birds hovered over them, not daring, from the skill with which it had been trained, to dart upon its wonted prey. The birds (which at this late period of the season seldom lie) crouching with fear of the unwelcome visitor, suffered the sportsmen to walk them up, and be easily bagged. When the falconer wished to call in the hawks, a pigeon, to which a string was attached, was let fly, and the hawk, seizing it, was retaken with its victim, and being hooded, a fresh one was employed for the next flight. The hawks, which belonged to the Duke of St. Alban's, were in excellent training, and the novel sport afforded great amusement to a vast number of spectators.

NICK WARD'S BENEFIT IN MANCHESTER.—Nick Ward met with a very flattering reception in Manchester on Wednesday. The large room of the Red Lion was crowded to an overflow. Among those who set to on this occasion were Jem Ward, Mat Robinson, Nick Ward, Dick Davis, Jack Carter, and many good little ones beside. The Queen's Theatre has been taken for another display.

A select party of old friends gave Tom Spring "a strong turn" on Tuesday. Twenty of the right sort sat down to dinner, and kept the bottle moving to a late, or rather an early hour.—Tom's "Vocal Academy" is all the go, and will display abundance of original talent during the coming week.

Jack Scroggins has sent his appetite to be repaired, preparatory to Christmas day. His stomach is to be new bottomed, and he anticipates being in prime order to masticate and digest any "wittols" which by good fortune may fall in his way. His "cat's meat," he complains, has been too long idle.

DEATH OF PISCATOR.—We lament to state the death of Mr. John Howard, the gentleman who has furnished us with a series of letters on practical angling under the signature of "Piscator." [Bell's Life.

EXPORTATION OF RACE HORSES.—The following is a list of thorough-bred horses recently sent abroad by Messrs. Tattersall:—

TO GERMANY.—Logic (after covering part of 1834, and the whole of the last season, in England); Crutch (died on his passage); Tom (late Bob Logie); Incubus; Belus; Bay colt by Whisker or Cetus, 2 yrs; Hokee Pokee; Philosopher; Stargazer (died on his passage); black colt by Jerry (Col. Peel's), 2 yrs; colt by Memnon, out of Pucelle; Nautilus; Eleanor; b f by Pantaloon, out of Vexation, 3 yrs; b f by Merlin, out of Fawn, 3 yrs; b f by Albany, out of Miss Lydia; Pheasant (with a filly foal by Sir. Benjamin); Gypsy, by Tinker; b f by Pollio, 2 yrs; Gulestan; yearling f by Partisan, out of Flounce; ditto out of a Selim mare; Flourish; Maid of Underley; Sister to Bull Dog; Ianthe; Aurora; Runnymede (Mr. Crosby's); Fatima; Galopade (Lord Bradbroke's); Sister to Glaucus, 3 years; Spinning Jenny; Orpheline; yearling f Shakspeare, out of Zinc; Pepper; Selim mare, dam by Pipator; mare by the Duke, out of Tib; mare by Phantom, out of Sorcery; mare by Whisker, out of Sister to Bourbon; Frisk, 3 yrs; f by Jerry, dam by Blacklock, 4 yrs: Stockwell Lass; mare by Whalebone; mare by Partisan, dam by Grey Pilot; mare by Y Interpreter, 5 yrs; mare by Nicolo, out of Barbarella; filly by Reveller, out of Louisa, 1 year old; Carmine; Bracelet; mare by Muley: f by Tramp, out of Ridotto, 3 yrs; mare by Figaro, out of Lady Fulford; mare by Banker, out of Nerissa; Sweet Marjorum; Ganges; Freedom; Ibrahim, by Emilius; Ibrahim, by Sultan; Freewill; colt by Catton, out of Tragedy; Victoria; c by Pollio, out of Elizabeth, 2 yrs; Helenus; Hyderabad; c by Reveller, out of Vaultress, 2 yrs; Brunswicker; Medora, by Selim; Grotesque; and c by Emilius, out of Whizgig, 3 yrs.

TO FRANCE, BELGIUM, AMERICA, HUNGARY, &c.—Gutty; Pickle; Delight; Design; Gabrielle; Sessions; Vamp; Griselda; two-year-old filly by Camel, out of Gulnare; Pera; Prinula; Bashful; Water-Witch; f by Longwaist, out of Toso's dam (a yearling); ditto by Bustard, out of Laureola; ditto by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam; Mulebird; Reaction; yearling by Bustard, out of Camelina; My Lady; mare by Blacklock, d by Whisker; Twatty; Sentiment; Prudish; Eliza; Nell Gwynne, by Tramp; Ida; Tears; Shakspeare; Emancipation; Rowton; Margrave; Merman; Terror; Trustee; Swiss; Consol; Lapdog; yearling colt by Longwaist, d by Muley; Shilelah; c by Bedlamite, out of Caccia Piatti's dam, 2 yrs; Pickpocket; Dangerous; and Windcliffe.

The applications to Messrs. Tattersall continue so numerous, that the foreigners, if they are not less particular, will find the market next year inadequate to the demand. [Bell's Life, Dec. 27.

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandize.

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired ACCORDIONS of various sizes, Spanish GUITARS of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $150 to $660. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated *Coes-wood Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales*, &c. &c. constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,
feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1836.

SALUTATORY.

After an interval of two long weeks, which to us has seemed an age of care and anxiety, we again accost our courteous readers—happy to believe that the brief interruption of our intercourse has not been unfelt by our friends, and still more happy to renew the old acquaintance.

With infinite trouble and toil, have we been engaged for the last four weeks in preparing for that improvement in the aspect and contents of our sheet, which we hope has been already remarked by every subscriber. Save in the single item of paper, we may be allowed to indulge in a little self-congratulation at the spruce figure which we fancy we now cut. And if the coarse texture or dusky complexion of our vellum-post hardly becomes the nicety of our fit, and the fashionable *cut* of our garments, it is not *our* fault: the embargo laid on foreign importations by the icy policy of winter, has compelled us to resort to domestic manufacture; but the rougher habiliments cover a heart not less warm or less true.

More than five years have rolled away since the Editor of this paper commenced the enterprise of a weekly sporting journal in New-York. Though our personal career may have been variously chequered in that long interval, the character of *The Spirit of the Times* itself has undergone no change, save that of a natural and wholesome progress from youth to manhood, marked in every stage by increased strength and growing popularity. So satisfied are we now with the work of our hands, both in the appearance and character of the paper, that we anticipate no further transformation. Our sole aim henceforth will be to make *The Spirit of the Times* an authentic amusing record of all the manly diversions of America and England. That it may be acknowledged as such throughout the country, is now the great object of our hopes, as it will be the ample reward of our many labors.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

With peculiar pleasure do we give this week letters from our Liverpool Correspondent. That of the 8th ultimo will show to our readers the character of the series—so far as a letter written in such dull sporting times can do so. The moment the season for sport commences, they may expect by every packet a letter full of interest, giving not only the *latest intelligence*, but all the floating sporting chit-chat that an experienced and knowing turfman can pick up. The plan is very expensive to us—we feel it heavily, especially at this moment; but we have full confidence that it will give such additional value to our paper, that we shall be soon remunerated. In any event, the experiment shall be fully made, and we shall be happy while it continues that sporting gentlemen should avail themselves of it through us, to satisfy any inquiries they may wish to make on sporting subjects in England, still another effort has been made by us, to establish a correspondence through a London friend for this paper exclusively. We hope to hear the result of our overtures by the next packet; and, if such as we venture to expect, we shall give a letter in our next from London, devoted rather to *Theatrical* and *Fashionable* amusements, than the affairs of the Turf. A few weeks may be necessary to get every thing cleverly a-going; but subscribers may be sure that we shall spare no expense to give the *Spirit of the Times* a fixed pre-eminence over any sporting journal in America, for communicating late and interesting intelligence upon all subjects falling within the scope of our design.

CLUB FOR THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

An old sportsman and much esteemed correspondent writes from Trenton, N. J. that a very clever club has been recently established there for the "preservation of Game." A fund has been raised to purchase *Live Quails* and also to pay a bounty of twenty-five cents a head for Hawks.

The severity of the season and unexampled continuance of snow has almost annihilated the Quails, and unless speedy measures are taken to secure them alive, there will be many districts of the country in which the next season will not produce a feather. The spirit with which the Trenton Club has commenced is highly commendable and should be followed up in all the adjoining counties and elsewhere. There are now, at Trenton, in full vigor and fine condition, about 500 birds, owned by humane and spirited gentlemen composing the club, who propose distributing them as early as will be warranted by the weather. "We must get clear of a few of *the enemy* first," writes our friend, who adds, "the scalps of the Messrs. *Hawks* are coming in almost as fast as their prey."

The example of the Trenton Club is worthy of all praise, and we trust will be generally emulated at the North. The sportsmen of Long Island and New York we particularly enjoin to "Go and do likewise."

PAPER! PAPER!!—Had it not been for the small supply of this article in our market, we should have made our appearance last week. Such was our reluctance to be seen in a *whitey-brown* paper, that when we found a difficulty in getting a good article, we at once determined upon *a strike*, now so fashionable in our city. But inasmuch as the other journals are unwilling to join in the *turn-out*, we, having the fear of our subscribers before our eye, have consented to go to press on a paper many shades darker than we ever proposed to print upon.

Our readers must bear in mind that the stock of paper in the city is utterly inadequate to the demand. Many binderies and printing offices have come to a perfect *stand-still* for want of stock; and such has been, and still is the severity of the weather, that we cannot hope to see our rivers open much before April, until which time, if our conjecture proves true, the scarcity of paper must be increasing each day. Our readers must then not be surprised, should we miss them again next week. We hope to avoid such a catastrophe, but if we find it impossible, please to recal this article, and set down the failure to the score of the cold weather, and let no blame attach to us. The numbers which we may be obliged to miss, will be made up in the course of the Spring.

A DUN "*Done.*"—A merchant in Pearl street sent a bill to a gentleman up town with a request that he would at least pay a portion of it, and that he should feel extremely obliged if his customer would send the *whole* bill; whereupon, the debtor being a bit of a wag returned "the whole bill" as he received it, with his compliments. The Pearl street man waxed wrathy and determining to give his customer no "loop hole for retreat" this time, immediately wrote him word that if he did not fork up the aforesaid, he would advertise the debt for sale. The answer was, "Don't offer to sell my debt, for they are all I've got. If you take them, you "take the means whereby I live." If you like I'll turn up a copper with you, whether you shall give me a receipt for the hundred dollars I owe you now, or give me a hundred dollars more!"

Capital *Skaiting* may be found at Jersey City, near Lynch's Garden, and also a few miles back on the meadows. A gentleman out there whose family were constantly annoyed by "troops of friends" from the City Hotel, posted up the following notification:—"Gentlemen desirous of drowning will find the ice very rotten in this vicinity. No interruption will be given to such amusements."—Skaiters have been as shy of that neighborhood since as musquetoes.

AMERICAN WINNING HORSES.—With no ordinary exercise of labor and care, we are enabled to lay before our sporting friends a complete list of the winners of races, four mile heats, for the year 1835, which will be followed by tables showing *Three* and *Two* mile winning horses. In pursuance of our plan we shall shortly give a perfect list of winning *Trotting* Horses, during the same period, with such other sporting statistics as may fall within the scope of our paper.

☞Those papers with which we *at present* exchange, are respectfully desired to insert or notice the prospectus of our New Series on the last page. To such of our exchange as insert it, the paper will be sent at all events for one year.

TROTTING.—In our last number we made mention of a match between Mr. VANDERBILT'S mare and *Rail-Road*. We then remarked, that in the opinion of good judges, there was nothing on the Island that could beat the mare at the same distance. Our ink was hardly dry, before the opinion so expressed was proved erroneous by a match over the same ground.

On Saturday, the 30th ult. two days after the former match, Mr. CARMAN'S white mare, *Lady Slipper*, beat our favorite all to death. We imagine that Mr. V. did not equal his former skill in driving, and that in playing the same game with Lady Slipper as with Rail Road, he got bit. Had she been put to her speed from the start, the issue might have been different, and "then again *it might not.*"

A wag writes word that if meritorious *Actors* were to be honored with Knighthood, as authors, artists and musicians are in Europe, the institution would be 'yclept an "*Order*" for the Theatre, and its members known as "*Benefit-Knights.*"

A young *spark* who lately *went off* gunning says he *flushed* many a partridge, but his gun, 'od rot it! would'nt go, no how. The powder, was so infernal bad, he thinks it must have been blasted before!

Peeping Tom of Coventry."—The Herald is trying to raise another breeze about Mackie. Let the poor devil alone.

What has become of Maria Monk and her "Awful Disclosures?" The *most* "awful disclosures" are made of *her*, people say.

We hear L——'s is about to put to press his "Scenes behind the Curtain" of a certain theatre. 'Twill be a caution!

European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, January 8, 1836.

The betting at Tattersall's, on Tuesday, *on the* DERBY, was as follows:—

6 to 1 against Lord Jersey's lot (offered).
11 to 1 —— Mr. E. Peel's Mummy (offered).
15 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's Babel colt (taken freely).
20 to 1 —— Mr. Chifney's Brother to Emeliana (taken).
20 to 1 —— Mr. Batson's Taishteer (taken).
25 to 1 —— Mr. Ridsdale's Neva colt (offered).
25 to 1 —— Mr. Robinson's Whaley (take 30).
30 to 1 —— Lord Chesterfield's Weighton (taken).
1,000 to 20 —— Mr. Allen's Master of the Rolls (taken).
20 to 1 was afterwards betted against Brother to E.....

Mummy is falling back—one point lost since Saturday. *Babel* colt has sprung two points; so has *Whaley*, in consequence of his recent arrival from Newmarket. The *pseudo*-favorites are falling back.

For the Newmarket St. Leger there are ten horses entered.

Our last accounts from York, make the nominations for the Doncaster St. Leger amount to seventy-six. Among these are some of the most promising horses in the country. Their names would fill half a column, and I prefer waiting until I can send a complete list. There are, however, among those nominations, cattle belonging to the following sporters:—Lord Lichfield, W. Chifney, (the Newmarket jockey), Mr. E. Peel (he starts Mummy for this race as well as the Derby), Sir R. Bulkeley, Lord Miltown, General Grosvenor, Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Westmiaster, Mr. Ridsdale, Lord Wilton, Duke of Cleveland, Mr. Holdsworth, Duke of Leeds, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Bowes, Sir J. Boswell, General Sharpe, Mr. Osbaldiston, Mr. S. L. Fox, Mr. Gully, Mr. Mostyn, &c.

Of these seventy-six nominations, about one third are from the South country side, the remainder are Northern cattle.

For the Portland Handecap, p. p. the odds of 4 to 1 against Mr. Bowes's *Mundis* are taken, at the last betting.

E. Bond has been offered and refused 500 guineas for a foal, sister to Glaucus. It is a promising Filly, and, in the present state of the market, is worth the money.

In future, I shall give the state of the odds at Manchester—thus enabling you to have the Provincial and Metropolitan betting.

The Jockey Clubs of England and Ireland, for each kingdom has one, may be considered, in some measure, as Courts of Appeal or Trial in Sporting matters. That their power is absolute may be gathered from the fact, (as many of your readers will remember) that GEO. IV. when Prince of Wales, was expelled the Club, (equivalent to expulsion from the Turf) and that they administer strict justice may be supposed when I tell you that his Royal Highness, despite his rank, had done a shabby trick or two, which richly merited expulsion.

The Duke of York, on the contrary, was an "honorable man" in sporting parlance. He was usually on the wrong side in betting. A curious anecdote is told of him. He went to Newmarket, to bet, with about $10,000 in his pocket book, being the extent of what he had resolved to lose. By some accident he lost the book, declined to bet, and would have lost had he betted. He laughed at the loss, which, he truly said, would be felt by the blacklegs of the turf and not by him, as, had he betted he would have still been *minus*. About a mile from Newmarket, a gentlewoman accosted him, and, handing him the pocket-book, said he had dropped it, while drawing out his handkerchief, but rode on so swiftly that she, who picked it up, had no opportunity of returning it, and waited there, the whole day, in the hope of seeing him.. "Have you opened it? asked the Duke, "Yes." said she, and found it full of bank notes!"—"You are not wealthy?" said the Duke, "No," said she, "I am the widow of Lieutenant Williams, of the 80th, and your Royal Highness (then commander-in-chief) has always declined to recommend me for a pension." "My good lady," replied he," it was my duty to decline, because your claims were not strong enough. But oblige me by accepting the contents of the pocket-book,—nay, don't refuse, if you had not found it, it would have been gambled away among the horse-jockies." He made off, leaving the widow very mush delighted.

The Duke of York was usually unfortunate on the turf. Once, he won a heavy stake, at Epsom races! the winner was a fine horse called "Moses." The Duke, albeit a layman and no Joseph, was Bishop of Osnaburg, in Hanover. After the race, he was observed to look very serious, "I wonder" said a bystander, "What the Prince-Bishop is thinking on?"—"Oh, you fool," said another, "on Moses and the *profits* [prophets] to be sure!"

George IV. *was* turned out of the Jockey Club of England, but when he became King he was member, again, *ex-officio*. He then took to the turf again, and so keen was he about it that, Ascot Races being held during his death sickness, his great anxiety, (even after he received the sacrament, as one in *articulo mortis*) was to ascertain whether a favorite horse had won!

These digressions will make you think that I am *bolting*. No such thing! I mention the above facts, to show that even royalty *has* swindled on the *English* turf:—a simple member of Parliament has done so, on the *Irish*.

Edward Ruthven is member of Parliament for Kildare—the most sporting county in Ireland. You know that the best races in Ireland are held on the far-famed "Curragh of Kildare." He is a magistrate, and son of "Ould Ruthven," the Parliamentary colleague of Daniel O'Connell, for Dublin city. He *is*—no, I beg pardon, he *was* a member, and a very active one, of the Jockey Club of Ireland, or as it is called the "Irish Turf Club."

He kept a stud of racers, and at some recent race ran two horses, (*Caroline* and *Leinster*) as *colts*. They beat all the horses at a dashing rate; and Mr. Ruthven's "colts" were the wonder of the field. At last the Earl of Miltown, (also a member of the Turf Club), having had one of his horses beaten, (I think by Caroline), suspected, knowing the bottom of *his* colt, that as the age of miracles has passed, there must be a trick. Various circumstances helped to make out a case of suspicion that Mr. Ruthven's "colts" were *more than three years old*; in fact, that they were four years old, and had been known at Newmarket under the names of *Beccasine* and *Old Bill!*

Lord Milton accordingly put in a strong protest against any stakes being paid the owner of *Caroline* and *Leinster*, *alias Beccasine*, and *Old Bill*. Mr. Ruthven claimed the cash as legally won, and therefore, Lord Miltown referred the matter to the Irish Turf Club.

Ruthven apparently disrelished this, for he threw every obstacle in the way of a fair decision; in fact, of any decision whatever. He was unwilling to allow the horses to be examined—he refused to have them examined by the Newmarket jockies brought from England to identify them—he attempted to make out, indirectly, that though he had purchased Beccasine and Old Bill, they had been sent by him from Manchester to Liverpool *for shipment to America*, and, in fact, to this day, does not allow the horses to be seen.

As a member of the Turf Club, he was amenable to their interferenee. He pattered with them, delayed, equivocated, and finally protesting against their right to interfere, sent in his resignation as a member, just as a well-bred dog walks down stairs when he sees preparations on foot to throw him out of the window! The intention was to *floor* the Club, by placing them in the equivocal and delicate situation of judges between two parties, one of whom was not a member.

The Club, however, proceeded without delay. The Jockey Club of England lent their aid, through Sir Charles Greville, to the Irish Club. The trainers from Newmarket, who had known Beccasine and Old Bill, (having ridden them at races), gave descriptions which exactly tallied with the horses *Caroline* and *Leinster*. The Irish jockeys who had seen the horses run as "colts," described them, and said descriptions tallied with those of the Newmarket jockies. The veterinary men who had examined the "colts" on the sly, swore that their *mouths* were upwards of three years old; and, lastly, the pedigrees of each "colt," were shown to be fabricated.

Tattersall of London wrote to say, that it was impossible Old Bill or Beccazine, both valuable horses, could have been shipped from Liverpool to New-York without his knowledge—that they would have been insured in London (there being no such insurance to be effected in Liverpool)—that he had inquired, and found no such insurance had been made; and that he was the person who, almost invariably, sent horses to America.

FRANCIS B. OGDEN, American Consul at Liverpool, stated, that no such horses had been sent to America. Mr. Lucas, of the Liverpool Horse and Carriage Repository, stated the same. In fine, there was no doubt in the case.

On Monday and Tuesday week all this examination was made and after a very full investigation (the pith of which I have given you) the stewards of the Turf Club made the following decision:

"'Having most carefully examined the evidence produced before us, we are of opinion, that in reference to 'Leinster' and Old Bill, as also to 'Caroline,' and Beccasine, *a case of identity has been proved*; and we consider Mr. Ruthven's refusal to produce those horses for examination here, *as conclusive of the facts of substitution alleged against him.*

"'We are, therefore, of opinion, that neither Caroline nor Leinster are entitled to any stakes in the races for which they may have come in first; that the second horses in these races should be deemed the winnerr; that the bets should go accordingly, except in the match between Caroline and Fusileer, in which the bets are off.

"'In conclusion, we feel imperatively called upon to remark, that in consequence of Mr. Ruthven's withdrawal of his name from the Turf Club, it does not become a part of our painful duty to recommend to the Club any further proceedings in this matter.

(Signed) 'JOHN C. WESTENA, JOHN MAHER, HOWTH. } Stewards of the Turf Club.

Kildare, 29th of December, 1834.'"

What may be the result of this it would be premature to say—a duel or two will probably arise out of it—but the matter is already taken up as a party question. Ruthven is one of the O'Connell "Tail," and the Tory party are moving heaven and earth to have him turned out of his Parliamentary seat, as a swindler. In all likelihood, he must resign. Indeed, a more complete swindle than that attempted by this member of Parliament has rarely disgraced the annals of the turf.

I hope I have not made the above too long—it occupies nearly five huge columns in the Irish papers, and I have condensed the report into the least possible space—adding a few circumstances, not yet in print, with which I am acquainted. But the case is very important—not merely in this country, but wherever racing is countenanced.

The number of really good horses now leaving England is immense. The chief demand is for France, where races in the English fashion are coming into vogue, and in Germany, where they are required as hunters, and to cross the breed. Some have recently been shipped for the United States. The proportions may be thus:—France 3, Germany 2, and America 1. About fifty horses and brood mares have recently gone abroad.

[The Duc d'Orleans is a (would-be) patron of English races in France. His Royal Highness rides indifferently enough, setting on his saddle like a sack. The Duke of Wellington, although very fond of hunting, and a horseman from his youth, cannot keep his seat, in the field. He gets more falls than foxes.

The fact is few military men can follow the hounds well. I never saw an officer who could get through a hard day's running. I remembrr, in Ireland, when I was a lad, I obtained leave and a loan of a hunter from my uncle to see "a deer enlarged" as the saying is. There were about forty sportsmen in the field, four ladies, and nine military gentlemen. Off went the deer, and, *nolens volens* off went my horse. All I had to do was to keep my senses and my seat. After a run of thirty miles we took the deer (in the water) and good luck and my good horse brought me in third. Of the regular hunters, twenty-five came up in time—two of the ladies,—and the military officers? With them it was "stole away" They could not run a dozen miles, across the country. In a street, at parade, or in the battle field they would look admirably, but half an hour after a deer, a fox, or a hare would knock them up. I am told the equestrian performers are in the same predicament—out of the circle they are nothing.

Melton Mowbray, the great centre of English hunters, will be crowded, this season. In the South, there are similar indications. In the midland counties the fashion has run in favor of steeple chases—a sort of race across the country from one steeple eo another. In fact it is "one, two, three!—away, "and to the de'il take tee hindmost."

A handsome stud of racers and hunters has recently been sent to Russia, from London, for the use of the Grand Duke Michael.

Last week, the last of the lotteries was drawn at Paris. An Englishman had the luck to gain a *quaterne* which brought him a prize of *one million francs!*—The demand for tickets (principally from English and Americans) exceeded the supply.

There is a lottery at Hamburg, at the last drawing one of the chief prizes came to a gentleman in Liverpool.

The theatres are dull. Charles Kemble and Sheridan Knowles at Covent Garden—and do not draw. A report that "my daughter Fanny" is coming to England with a new play. We dont hear of the arrival of either Booth or Rice. Forrest is in Russia. Braham's new theatre is *the* fashionable resort in London: a musical burlesque of Dr. Johnson's serious story of *Rasselas*, draws crowds. Braham ever young in *Tom Tug* and such parts."

Running the Siege of Rochelle and the Jewess down, with an old-new pantimime, (Whittington and his cat) at Drury Lane. In the first part of the pantomime there are *skits* on the comet, aerialship, Thames Tunnel, rail-road (to the moon) and Lord Mayor's show. Willand appears as the monkey—extraordinary performance. The pantomime, however, is so nearly damned, that the *Bronze Horse* is hurried out—*galloped*, I may say, to please the public. Tom Cooke has *done* Auber's music, and it is said to be a pleasant opera.

Master Burke at Waterford.

Guy Faux made subject of Pantomime at Covent Garden. A capital quiz.—The Harlequin (J. C. Smith) good, and the scenery beautiful.

Charles Matthews gets steadily on at the Olympic. Madame Vestris recovered and takes chief part in the *Olympic Pic Nic*, a burlesque by Mr. Lover! Mrs. Anderson (wife of the Anti-Yankee Anderson) as Venus—and appears half naked.

A new actress, Mrs. Stirling, (from a minor theatre at Liverpool) has made a hit at the Adelphi. Mrs. Nisbett has gone back to the Queen's: no word of her marriage with Fergus O'Connor.

Denvil ("the meteor of a season") has lately been starring at the most minor (*minimus!*) of the minors. He is now at the Lyceum, in the Strand.

Sinclair has been "starring" at Glasgow. While performing in *Oscar* and *Malvina* he got his hand wounded by a cut from a broadsword, but is now out of danger. Sinclair's voice is nearly all gone.

A Miss Fawcitt made a successful *debut*, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Tuesday night, as *Julia* in the Hunchback. She is said to be a far better actress than Fanny Kemble.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES FOR 1835.—FOUR MILE HEATS.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

NAMES.	COLOR.	AGE.	SIRE.	DAM.	OWNED OR ENTERED BY	PURSE.	STAKES	WEIGHT.	TIME.	BEATING THE UNDER-NAMED HORSES.	COURSE.	DATE.
Alice Grey	r. m.	6	Henry	Sport's-Mistress	Walter Livingston	$700		118 *lbs.*		Walked over.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 25
American	. h.	4	Sir Archie	By Palafox	Col. Jas. J. Pittman		$700	110 "	8:30—8:35	Palmetto.	Tallahassee, Florida	Dec. 16
Argyle	r. c.	4	Monsieur Tonson	Thistle	George Walden	1000		102 "	8:05—8:00—8:00	Bertrand, Jun.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 18
Argyle	r. c.	4	Monsieur Tonson	Thistle	George Walden	800		102 '	8:04—8:16	Bertrand, Jun., Lucy Ashton, and Conrad.	Columbia, S. C.	Jan. 14
Argyle	r. c.	5	Monsieur Tonson	Thistle	Col. J. H. Hammond	800		122 "	8:07	Vertumnus, Saladin.	Columbia, S. C.	Dec. 22
Betsey Malone	. m.	6	Stockholder	By Potomac	James Jackson		5000	115 "	7:57—8:02	Piano.	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 15
Bill Austin	. h.	4	Bertrand	By Timoleon	Col. John Crowell	300		100 "	8:15	Queen Adelaide, Governor McDuffie.	Columbus, Ga.	Dec. 8
Black Heath	l. c.	4	Sir Archie	By Sir Hal	Richard Adams	1000		100 "	8:01—8:07	Jesse Grimstone, Ariadne, Nancy Blunt.	Tree-Hill, Va.	Oct. 8
Black Heath	l. c.	4	Sir Archie	By Sir Hal	John Heth	1000		100 "	8:07—8:15	Enciero.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 23
Caroline Scott	. f.	4	Sir Archie	Ophelia	Sidney Burbridge	400		97 "	8:04—8:11	Susette, Alroy, Sir William, Ben Duncan, g. f. by Jersey	Madison, Ky.	Sept. 9
Chuckafahila	. f.	4	Bertrand	Sister of Remus	Col. A. L. Bingaman	400		97 "	8:11—8:12	Pocahontas.	St. Francisville, La.	April 23
Duke of Orleans	. h.	aged	Sumter	By Whip	—— Hoffman	250		124 "	7:58—8:18	Charlotte Temple, Sir Whitefoot, Sleeper, s. f.	Hagerstown, Md.	Nov. 18
Enciero	. c.	4	Star	By Eagle	Carey Thompson	500		100 "	8:11—7:59	Camsidell, Drone, The Captain.	Charlestown, Va.	Sept. 23
Enciero	. c.	4	Star	By Eagle	Carey Thompson	1000		100 "	8:06—8:15	Drone, Joshua, Ace of Diamonds.	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 16
Enciero	. c.	4	Star	By Eagle	Carey Thompson	200		100 "	8:29—8:45—8:50	Daniel O'Connell, Indian, Zelucco.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	May 26
Hanslap	. h.	5	Washington	By Sir Archie	James S. Garrison	500		110 "	8:05—8:14	Pizarro.	Norfolk, Va.	June 5
Hard Heart	r. g.	6	Mercury	Chuck-a-luck	Col. A. L. Bingaman	800		116 "		Walked over.	Natchez, Miss.	Dec. 2
Henry Archie	. h.	aged	Henry	By Eclipse	Samuel Laird	1000		126 "	7:55—8:00—8:15	Monmouth, Black Maria, Daniel O'Connell, Milo.	Union Course, L. I.	May 8
Hibernia	r. m.	5	Sir Archie	Morgiana	Col. George Elliott	1000		107 "		Mambrino.	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 8
Ironette	r. m.	6	Contention	By Pakenham	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	800		115 "	8:02—8:12	Dolly Dixon, Damascus.	Fairfield, Va.	May 1
Ironette	r. m.	6	Contention	By Pakenham	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	700		115 "	8:15—8:13	Dick Beaseley, Maid of Southampton.	Newmarket, Va.	May 7
Ironette	r. m.	6	Contention	By Pakenham	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000		115 "	8:17—8:27	Dolly Dixon, Alp, John Floyd, Tally Ho.	Tree-Hill, Va.	May 16
Ironette	r. m.	6	Contention	By Pakenham	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000		115 "	7:57—8:08	Nancy Blunt, Lady Archiana.	Central Course, Md.	May 22
Ironette	r. m.	6	Contention	By Pakenham	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000		115 "	8:14—8:06	Mary Lea, Fulton.	Kendall Course, Md.	May 29
Joshua	bc.	4	Gohanna	By Eclipse Herod	T. R. S. Boyce	500		100 "	9:32	Ohio, Miss Maynard.	Upper Marlboro', Md.	Oct. 9
Juliana	bf.	4	Gohanna	By Sir Archie	Col. Wm. L. White	700		97 "	7:51—7:59	Hanslap, Florida.	Washington, D. C.	May 15
Juliana	bf.	4	Gohanna	By Sir Archie	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000		101 "	8:08—8:12	Tarquin, Mingo.	Union Course, L. I.	June 5
Lady Nashville	bf.	4	Stockholder	By Strap	Col. John Crowell	500		97 "	8:00—8:00	Jane Bertrand, Patsey Wallace, Crusader.	Columbus, Ga.	April 19
Lady Nashville	bf.	4	Stockholder	By Strap	Col. John Crowell	400		97 "	8:34—8:54	Daphne.	Montgomery, Ala.	Nov. 17
Lucilla	g. m.	5	Pacific	By Pacolet	B. H. Barrow		900	107 "	8:03—8:12	Isora.	Natchez, Miss.	Feb. 25
Maid of the Neck	ch. m.	5	Maryland Eclipse	Windflower	R. Leonard	300		107 "	8:01—8:30	Queen Anne, Lady Archiana, John Henry, Roanoke.	Easton, Md.	Oct. 2
Miss Bett	sm.	4	Marion	By Gallatin	Wm. M. West	700		97 "	8:14-8:11-8:25-8:49	Spartacus, Fanny Cline, Alp.	Newmarket, Va.	Oct. 15
Miss Medley	g f.	3	Medley	By St. Tammany	Keenan & Howard	700		83 "	7:45—7:44	Lady Nashville, Rattlesnake.	Macon, Ga.	April 2
Montabello	ba.	4	Tariff	By Shakspeare	W. Williamson			100 "	8:47	Glenmore, (*in a match.*)	Fairfield, Va.	May 4
Nancy Blunt	ca.	4	Sir Archie	By Sir Alfred	O. P. Hare	600		97 "	8:07	Alp, Alice Gordon, Get of Sir Charles.	Fairfield, Va.	Oct. 22
Post Boy	ch c.	4	Henry	Garland	Robert Tillotson	1000		104 "	8:07—0:09	Henry Archie, Powhattan, Camsidell.	Trenton, N. J.	June 12
Post Boy	ch c.	4	Henry	Garlend	Robert Tillotson	1000		104 "	7:54—8:02	Bay Maria, Clara Howard, Alice Grey.	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 9
Post Boy	chc.	4	Henry	Garland	Robert Tillotson	1000		104 "	7:52—7:52	Black Heath, Bay Maria, Juliana.	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 6
Post Boy	chc.	4	Henry	Garland	Robert Tillotson		1000	104 "	8:15—8:20	Tom Paine, Warren.	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 12
Powhattan	b.	3	Arab	By Oscar	Col. J. Smith	600		86 "	8:29—8:51—8:59	Lucetta.	St. Francisville, La.	April 23
Railway	chc.	4	Ratler	Lady Grey	W. Wiley	400		100 "	8:22—8:03—8:12	Orphan-Boy, Greyfoot, Caroline Scott.	Louisville, Ky.	June 5
Rattlesnake	b.	5	Bertrand	Devil	William G. Haun	700		107 "	8:29—8:26	Brunette, Molly Long.	Savannah, Ga.	Jan. 22
Rodolph	b.	4	Sir Archie	By Moses	Sidney Burbridge	800		100 "	8:21—8:08	Daniel Webster, Adam Huntsman, Greyfoot.	Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 11
Rodolph	b.	4	Sir Archie	By Moses	Sidney Burbridge	500		94 "	8:10	Sarah Miller, Mary Alston.	Lexington, Ky.	Oct. 16
Sally Ewbanks	b.	5	Roanoke	By Contention	James S. Garrison	1000		107 "	8:13—8:05—7:52	Drone, Jesse Grimstone, Camsidell, Gimcrack.	Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 29
Sidney Burbridge	b.	3	Trumpator	By Hamiltonian	Thos. B. Scruggs	300		86 "	8:15—8:08	Daniel O'Connell, Allegro, Crowder.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Oct. 2
Waterloo	b.	3	Eclipse	Waterloo	B. C. Bush		750	86 "	8:30—8:38	Maria, Therese Bassett.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Oct. 27

Green Room Intelligence.

Jack Reeve will do the trick, yet: the Bostonians were a little scandalized on his second night, by a bit of a flare up, but on the whole they like him. They pretend to a deal of taste incomedy in the Literary Emporium, and well they may, for to their fostering is the stage indebted for a Finn, a Barrett, a Johnson, and a Blake. The *Tremont* will make a good season, though at present houses are rather shy. *Jones*, (stage manager of the *Warren*) is in Gotham recruiting for Pelby's little bandbox, which we hear is to be demolished to make room for a grand affair, "on the Canal-treet plan." The *Lion* theatre gets on famously; Ingersoll is now stage-manager, vice Barrymore. A bad move, we fear; young David, though a histrionic stripling of considerable power is no match for Goliah Barrymore, "the old war-horse of the stage."

Wallack has been starring at the *Park*, and is succeeded by Mrs. and Miss Watson. The Philadelphians "think the world" of both. Miss Watson grows prettier every day; you shoul just see her once, in the "Pet of the Petticoats."—Mrs. W. is a *debutante*, having never appeared on our boards, though every body went to her husband's Concets at Niblo's. "The Jewess" is being got up at this house with untold splendq. Mr. Simpson has an army of carpenters, painters, "and the like o' that" engaged on it. The plot of the piece, as rendered at Drury Lane, will be found on he 8th page. It is billeted in the Green Room for Monday fortnight, the 29th. A ridiculous paragraph setting forth that Placide was about to leave "Old Drury" is going the rounds. The report was engendered by a knave, and is retailed by ——we-never-mentions-'em. Miss Mitford's "Rienzi" was revived for Wallack's benefit, and drew a full and fashionable house.

A young gentleman of this city is about to make his debut at the *Bowery*, in the hope, we presume, of "drawing houses like his father," vide Mathews. In private circles he is considered a prodigy. Hamblin's receipts since the production of "Norman Leslie" are nearly $20,000: he has given the fair dramatist a benefit, and also has done "the handsome thing" by the Author, Theodore S. Fay, Esq. "The Little Genius" John R. Scott is the great feature at the Bowery; his friends anticipate much of him.

Dinneford, at the *Franklin*, is nightly filling his house as full as an urchin's mouth is of sweetmeats on a Christmas morning. How could it be otherwise with a company comprising the two Seftons, (*John* is the great creature, though *William* could eat two like him) Thayer, Brown, Leicester, and we had like to have omitted—the more shame for us—the charming little Miss Fisher.

Mrs. Pritchard, and Hackett are in town reposing on their laurels. Of minor stars, there is a pretty smart sprinkling among us.

The Woods, Brough, & Co. are discoursing eloquent music at the Chesnut-street house, Philadelphia. "Dear Mrs. Wood," as the New Yorkers term her, sings as divinely as ever. They return to us immediately, and we shall, for the last time have *La Somnambula*. Burton, the Placide of the Quaker City, has recently made a regular Cossack *hurra* upon Washington, where he took the belles and beaux by surprise, and "pretty considerably struck up" Gen. Jackson and his Cabinet. The French War was forgotten, and Congress adjourned to meet in "committee of the *whole*" at the Theatre. The Supreme Court's decision was unanimous in his favor, and the Senate would have tendered him a vote of thanks, probably, only that the Fortification Bill being unwisely stirred up with a long pole, they promiscuously forgot it. The Walnut-street house, (*on dit*) is about to add Wallack to its list of stars. Wemyss appears determined upon "carrying the war into Africa." Hadaway, who played at the Bowery a few years since, has become a great favorite at this theatre. The charming little Emma Wheatley is here attending upon a sick father, who is now out of danger.—Mrs. W. who visited Philadelphia on this account, has resumed a situation at the Park, that none but herself can fill.

It is with great regret we learn that Mr. and Mrs. Wood leave us for England on the conclusion of their next engagement.

The reports relative to the "domestic manners" of a histrionic lady of some notoriety in this city, and abroad, we hear are confirmed by a lady in the same profession, whose testimony would have great weight in this community, did we feel at liberty to identify her. Both parties had best keep quiet.

Wemyss is about to open his Pittsburgh theatre in great force. Dean and Mc Kinney are at Columbus, Ohio, with the *elite* of their Buffalo company, the remainder staying "at home to look after the children."

Parsons is managing the Natchez Theatre successfully. The recent distressing conflagration in that devoted city, must sadly interfere with his business. Parsons lately gave a benefit in aid of the Texians, and would have enlisted himself, only that volunteers are required to fight, not pray. He is now starring in New-Orleans, and the house will be shut up like the Temple of Janus, after the Tiernans leave.

The *Canadian* Theatres open on the 1st of next June under the management of Thomas Ward, Esq., late stage manager of Madame Vestris' Theatre, in London, and of the Edinburgh Theatre. Mr. Ward is now superintending Messieurs Maywood & Co.'s establishment in Washington.

Messrs. Maywood & Co. open their Baltimore Theatre, Holliday street, with their Washington company on the 1st of April. Celeste dances there on her return from New Orleans.

Hart & Hardy did a famous business during the race week at Savannah.—Barnes, lady and daughter, with Young, and the *Diavolos* Antonio are there.—"My daughter" Charlotte employs her leisure upon a drama from one of Byron's romances.

The Annapolis Md. Theatre is at present open under the management of Mr. Robert Farrell, better known by the cognomen of "*Zip Coon*. It has all the patronage the great merits of the company deserve.

Miss Josephine Clifton has concluded a most brilliant engagement in Dublin, when the critics not only shed ink, but were nigh shedding blood for her. A "member of the *Press* gang" having publicly expressed his private opinion that her "Belvidera" was *but* superior to Ellen Free's, and *only* equal to Miss O'Neill's, he forthwith received a score of invitations to a cold collntion of "coffee for one and pistols for two," and before he could begin to plead guilty to his lack of taste, his friends voted him "a lunatic" and despatched him "to Coventry" or he would have been laid out as cold as a wagon tire. Miss C. has greatly improved—personally and professionally; the gallant and enthusiastic critics of Green Erin having never before seen a wild female Yankee, were perfectly enraptured. Having led the tragedy business of Drury-Lane and Covent Garden an entire season, supported by Macready, Kemble, Vandenhoff and Young, it would indeed be surprising if our fair countrywoman had not benefitted from a pupilage in such a school. A London journalist remarks that "England cannot send America her equal in Lady Macbeth, Bianca, Belvidera, or Imogene." We do not doubt it, and after giving our foreign contemporary due credit for his critical acumen, we beg to intimate, as a "mediator," that Brother Jonathan would have no objection to return to Mr. John Bull any number of the "hard bargains" he has foisted upon him, provided Mister John will send Brother Jock home one of the fairest and most promising of his family. She is expected in New-York by the 1st of April.

Forrest was at Smyrna on the 10th Nov. last, and was to leave for Athens. A contemporary remarks "he may read Sophecles, Euripides and Aristophanes, on the spot where those plays were written and acted; he may recite from Demosthenes on the Areopagus, without an audience to interrupt him." After paying a flying visit to Stamboul and Alexandria, dropping in at Algiers and Malta, and glancing upon the European cities bordering upon the Mediterranean, he will proceed to England, and thence sail for "his own, his native land."

George Jones, late of the Bowery, has been appointed to deliver the Oration before the Royal Shaksperian Club, at Stratford-upon-Avon, at the approaching annual meeting. Our English papers are loud in his praise as an actor, and a man of taste and genius. He is starring in Dublin with success.

Celeste and the Tiernans are on their way North. Booth is in town, and will be pitted against The Jewess, most like. Duffy, poor fellow! had nigh made his exit at Albany, the other day—a fellow formerly attached to his corps having stabbed him, it is feared, mortally. The affair has created an immense excitement. Duffy was about to open for a few nights at Troy. Reeve is re-engaged at the Tremont: the Bostonians say Jack is "bunkum, and *no* mistake!"

Since the above was in type, we hear Duffy is dead. At the Franklin and Bowery, they have produced Buckstone's new drama of the "Vision of Death." Miss Medina is dramatizing "Rienzi" for the latter house; while young Jefferson (son of the gifted old veteran) is engaged at the former as scene-painter, etc. A young lady (query, Miss M.) is about to make her debut in Juliet: we must find a Romeo for her. They say she is rich: we know she is—pretty.

On Dit.—It is reported that Caldwell has leased the Italian Opera House at a rent of $10,000 per annum, and will bring on his great New-Orleans company in the spring. He has enterprise, tact, and great resources, and will be welcomed, of course; but as to "putting money in his purse," we are fearful he may have reason to ejaculate—"It takes me, and I can't hardly!"

The *American* Theatre in Washington, under Wemyss' management closed on Monday, 8th inst. The Benefits of the Stock Company did not produce more than from 12 to $20 nightly. Wemyss, the manager, although backed by a star, only netted $25. He re-opens in May—better luck to him.

The *National* Theatre in the same city has also been a losing concern—almost all the stars having failed. Reeve had hardly one decent house, and even on his benefit night they had not a hundred dollars. Mrs. Duff has just finished an engagement here in conjunction with Abbot.

At the same establishment a new National drama is announced, entitled, "Pontiac, or the Siege of Detroit." It is said to be from the pen of Gen. Macomb, commander-in-chief of the U. S. Army.

Custis' Indian play of "Pocahontas" was produced there a few nights since, in a most magnificent style. The Indian Bureau proffered the use of all the ornaments and dresses they possessed. Major Hook also lent several costumes and many original drwing by a Swiss artist named Rindisbacker, from which the war dances and groupes were copied. Dr. Valentine commenced a star engagement at Washington, on Tuesday, 11th inst. The Dr. is called in the play bills the National Imitator.

The *Front street* Theatre and Circus, Baltimore, is advertised for rent—it has been repeatedly opened with strong dramatic and equestrian companies, which have never gained any thing but a loss.

New Orleans is taking a strong lead in supporting the drama, the *St. Charles* and the *American* theatres with the French house are in full force, with the supplementary of an immense circus. Miss Phillips has made the most palpable hit of the season at Caldwell's (St. Charles,) though a correspondent writes that Celeste's receipts, for twenty-four successive nights averaged $1128 50 per night. Mrs. Gibbs, late Miss Eraddon, is a great favorite; she must come North and give us a taste of her quality. Messrs. Maceder, Forbes, Finn, Banton, Latham, Pearson, De Camp, and a host of others are at this house. At Russel's (the American,) they have Mrs. Drake, Miss Nelson, Eaton, C. Mason, Fred. G. Hill, Bannister and lady, (late Mrs. J. A. Stone,) Reynoldson, Norton, the Russells, a host in themselves, and a galaxy of stars. Both houses are coining money.—Russell's success having been as unprecedented as unexpected. He has made an *expose*, in the newspapers of the transactions between Mr. Caldwell, Russell, and Rowe, his late partner) which reflects no very signal credit upon the former, and concludes by stating his intention to erect a new theatre that shall surpass "the monster" in comfort, beauty and convenience, on the expiration of his present lease. Mr. Will's, the Jim Crow of the *Orleanois*, is singing "*Billy Barlow*" at the Circus, and as Rice did before him, draws more money than both theatres together.

Celeste is more attractive at Mobile than she was at New Orleans. The Tiernans were so likewise. Misses Riddle, Vos, and the Fields, are the leading people, except where "Old Sol" is pleased to shine out, or Ludlow assumes the sock and buskin.

P. S. The great hit of Mrs. Watson deserves a separate paragraph and shall have it next week. She is succeeded by Reeve, and then we love the Woods, and "La Somnambula."

Sporting Miscellanies.

TENNESSEE TURF ALL ALIVE!

Here's more "*wood with the bark on it.*" The Tennessee turfites and breeders are so staunch and unflinching, that "fodder or no fodder, they will stand up to the trough." Our sporting readers will doubtless remember a *rather* fierce banter in our last paper, addressed by Gen. Mabry to Col. McGhee, of Monroe Co., Tenn., "by way of a slant." In the banter alluded to, Gen. M. remarked:—

"*One word to Major Wm. Ainsworth—Traveller is no race-horse.* I have three in my stable; either of them can beat him two mile heats, for $100. Or, if you will run mile heats, I will select one that can distance him, for the sum of one thousand dollars, half forfeit. Or, I will make two races, for one thousand dollars each, give you fifty yards in a dash of one mile, and one hundred yards in a dash of two miles, neither of which you will venture to take. You have often told me that it always pleased you to be *bantered*, when you had a *race-horse*; so if you are displeased at this, it will be an acknowledgement that you have no *race-horse*. In all the above propositions the money to be placed in the Branch of the Union Bank at Knoxville, half forfeit."

Col. McGhee's reply has not reached us; but that Maj. Ainsworth is "constantly on hand," may be imagined from the annexed: "Dec. 30. 1835.

"*Traveller, in answer to Cashier*, says, that he accepts his proposition to run *two mile heats, for five hundred or a thousand dollars*, over the Madisonville track, or Daniel Yarnell's track, Knox county, to run on the last Thursday in February next. I will meet his manager in Madisonville, (Tenn), on the first day of January next, to close the race on his own terms.

One word to Gen. J. A. Mabry. Traveller will run the same race with either of his two *celebrated stallions*, to wit: *Timoleon* or *Carolinian*, as I am not at all displeased at his Banter. Wm. AINSWORTH."

Good again. In answer to the above is the following, addressed to Major Ainsworth:— "Jan. 13, 1836.

"I have seen your proposition in the Knoxville Register of the 30th December, 1835, to run your horse *Traveller* against either of my stallions for $500 or $1000 *Timoleon or Carolinian*. I never owned a horse called Carolinian; my bay stallion is called *Kenlock*, and not Carolinian. The name was perhaps a mistake in the printer; I therefore take the race, to run my bay horse, *Kenlock*, two mile heats over the Campbell station, or Daniel Yarnel's Track, on the first Thursday of March next, for one thousand dollars, half forfeit, against your horse *Traveller*; the rules of the Nashville Track to govern as to weight, age, &c. Or I will enter Kenlock in the race with *Cashier and Traveller*, at $500 or $1000 entrance, to run on the last Thursday of February next. My Timoleon horse has long since passed from the Turf to the stable, and it is not now *classed* as a race horse. I have, however, four in my stable, either of which can beat *Traveller*—(and I will trouble you for neither *Rider nor trainer*). I consider the race closed, as I have but two stallions, nor have had for six months, *Timoleon and Kenlock*. Therefore it must be a mistake in the *printer* as to the name, and if you run this race it will enable me to stand *Kenlock* next season at Madisonville at $25, and reduce Traveller to *fifteen shillings*. I made a race with you last summer which you did not choose to run; but as an honorable sportsmen you paid the forfeit. In this case I trust there will be no *dodging*. I have directed Mr. F. A. Henry, who has charge of my horses, to put up the money in the hands of Mr. Samuel Martin, of Campbell Station, on my part, on the 20th of January, 1836. Respectfully, J. A. MABRY.

In our last publication the following banter appeared from *Cashier*, taken from the Knoxville Register of the 23d December.

"*Cashier* has been so treated, both on the part of *Traveller* and on the part of *Molo*, that "he does not intend to stand it as he has done." And he will run a match against either, or a sweepstakes with both, one, two, three, or four mile heats, over any good track in East Tennessee, for any reasonable sum, carrying weight for age, and otherwise conforming to the rules of the Nashville Turf, provided this offer is accepted in two weeks, so as to train and run by the first of March next. And on receiving notice, the present manager of *Cashier* will meet at Madisonville for *Traveller*, and at Dandridge for *Molo*, to close the terms."

As "one good thing brings on another," so the challenges and counter challenges above have elicicited the annexed letter to the editors of the Knoxville Register:— "Jan. 27, 1836.

Gentlemen.—Through the columns of your paper, a banter was made against *Traveller* and *Molo*, published 23rd Dec., allowing the gentlemen time of two weeks to close. Making it impossible on the part of Molo to accept through the same medium it was received. The notice came to hand the 24th. By return mail, the 30th, Molo's acceptance was forwarded, which would be published 6th January, the earliest possible time within the 2 weeks; but in the meantime the supposed manager of *Cashier* was written to inclosing the acceptance, which was, by promise, to be handed 4 days in advance of the notice, to meet at Dandridge. I will not say that Mr. Lea did receive the letter, but I will say that he should not seek advantage of his own wrong; and if he has taken Traveller in place of Molo, be it so, for Molo assures Cashier that he could not either train or ride for him, nor can he interfere with his season, for the pitiful sum of $250 entrance, to make a test even with a race-horse, much less with Cashier.

One word to Traveller, ☞ "50 yards in one mile," and, "100 yards in two miles." In answer to Mr. T. J. Lea, on the score of authority, I am authorised to say to him that the same ☞ 50 yards in one mile, and ☞ 100 yards in two miles, is offered to Cashier.

Now to close all further newspaper racing, if either Cashier or Traveller desires to race with Molo, they can get it for $1000, over the Redbridge track, with their appropriate weights, by applying to the subscriber any time between this and the 10th February. Two mile heats: their favorite distance, half forfeit, to be placed in the hands of the proprietor. JAMES SCRUGGS."

The "receipt for the above sum" is subjoined:—

"*Cashier* briefly replies to *Molo's* evasion of last week, and gives him another opportunity. The offer to *Traveller* and *Molo* was to "run a match against either, or a sweepstakes with both," by the first of March. *Traveller* promptly accepted the offer, and a match is made between him and *Cashier*, to be run over the Madisonville track, on the last Thursday of February next, two mile heats,

for $500, carrying weight for age, and otherwise conforming to the rules of the Nashville turf. *Traveller's* first acceptance entitled him to the match—and then *Molo* comes out and pretends to accept, but so as to make it impossible to be complied with, (both as to the time of meeting at Dandridge, and the time for running only five days after the other), even if more than one match had been offered by Cashier; but only "a match against either, or a sweepstake with both," was proposed, and there was not time for more than one race before the season must commence. But there is no use for more than one race—a sweepstake will test all the horses with one trouble—and that is now offered to Molo. For I am authorised to say, that if Molo will enter, the match will be changed to a stallion sweepstake for the three, at the same time and place, same distance, $250 entrance, half forfeit, all the horses to carry weight, according to their actual ages, and otherwise conforming to the rules of the Nashville turf. And, lest Molo should again fix a time to meet at Dandridge on the same day of his notice at Knoxville, he may notify his acceptance of this offer in the Knoxville Register in two weeks, and that will be taken as his entrance, the other two being considered as already entered. THOS. JARNAGIN LEA.

January 31, 1836."

GENERAL DESHA'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

The glaive hrow down by *Angora*, of Tennessee, has been taken up by *Rodolph*, of Kentucky, who, in accepting the challenge, expresses a desire to waive a passage of arms with a single competitor, and proposes a grand tournament, where each shall contend for his own renown and the honor of his sire.—We wish the suggestion may be received with the good faith and chivalrous spirit that prompted it; for then we shall not despair of seeing the various sections of the American sporting world gallantly represented on a single track. But to Rodolph's acceptance. Here it is, from the Lexington (Ky.) Observer of the 20th ult.:—

FRANKLIN COUNTY, (Ky.) Jan. 15, 1836.

Messrs. Finnell and Wickliffe: Gentlemen—In your paper of Saturday, the 9th instant, I see an article headed "*A Challenge*," and below you publish a note, signed Robert Desha, of Gallatin, Tennessee, and addressed to the editor of the Baltimore Sporting Magazine, proposing to run his mare *Angora*, by Leviathan, &c. four-mile heats against any horse, mare or gelding in the *world*, for $5000 aside, half forfeit, the race to be run on the 1st Thurseay in October next, over the *Nashville Course*—or the same distance against any horse, mare or gelding, in *Kentucky*, for the same amount over any *half way course* on the same day, &c. &c.

I am willing, and anxious to run RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, 4 mile heats, with Angora, as she seems to be the favorite of Tennessee, and I am equally willing and anxious to run him 4 mile heats with the favorites of any other, or of all the States who have favorites, and I therefore make below a better proposition than Mr. Desha's, viz: I will enter Rodolph with Angora, in a sweepstake of $5000 entrance, half forfeit, and leave it open and free, for any other horse, mare or gelding, in the United States, in which neither of the owners of the above named horses are interested, to enter in the same race, on the same terms, on or before the 1st day of April next. The race to be run over the Kentucky Association Course, at Lexington, on the 1st Tuesday in October next, (which is the day before their regular fall meeting.) The race to be governed by the rules of the Central Course. And if Rodolph and Angora should be the only nags entered in the race, I will pay Mr. Desha $500 for coming to Lexington to run the race with me.

My reasons for making this proposition in preference to running the race precisely as offered by Mr. Desha, are, that I have for many years been opposed to match races, and because they frequently do not come off in consequence of the condition of one nag or the other, and it frequently happens that neither of the two are in condition to run. A sweepstake is much more certain to be run and affords better sport.

I prefer a Sweepstake with Rodolph for many reasons, and among them, are that I think he can beat any horse in America, and I would be as willing to start him with a dozen as with one. It is risking no more money, and winning more if he should beat the race. He is a stallion and would get more fame perhaps, by being beaten in a sweepstake, than by winning a match race with any single nag.

I am opposed to meeting on half way ground, because I know of no half way course, on which any creditable running has been done, and no horse can win fame unless upon a regularly established course. If this race is run, all the sportsmen would wish to see it, which they can do at Lexington, and attend the regular fall races, commencing on the next day.

The forfeits on all entries in this race must be deposited by the 1st day of April next, in the Lexington Branch of the Bank of Kentucky.

However, as I want the race, if Mr. Desha will not accept either of the above propositions, I will accept his challenge, to run over the Greensburgh Course, on any day that can be fixed on, that will not prevent me from attending the regular races at Lexington and Louisville with my stable of horses—say 2 weeks before the commencement of the Lexington fall races, which will be the 3rd Wednesday and the 21st day of September next.

The entries will be made by addressing Thos. H. Prindell, President of the Kentucky Association, at Lexington.

January 20, 1836. SIDNEY BURBRIDGE.

American Racing Calendar.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, Lafayette Course.

☞ To render the Calendar of American Races for 1836 complete in the New Series of the *Spirit of the Times*, we have been obliged to republish the result of the 1st four days' races at Augusta, (Ga.)

MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1836. Match $2000 a side, mile heats.

Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. g. *Davy Crockett*, 5 yrs. old, by Falstaff, dam by Gallatin, 107 lbs	1	1
Col. John Crowell's b. h. *Bill Austin*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, 100 lbs	2	2

Time 1 m: 52 s.—1 m: 52 s. Bill Austin, favorite 2 to 1.

Same Day. Post sweepstakes of $100; entrance $20, two miles out.

Col. J. H. Townes' b. h. *Young Truffle*, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Truffle, dam Lady Lagrange, 86 lbs	1	1
Winter & Morrison's f. *Acacia*, 3 yrs. old, by Henry, dam by Duroc, 83 lbs	2	2
F. Tompkins' b. h. *John Wilson*, 3 yrs old, by Arah, dam by Director, 86 lbs	bolt.	

Time 4 m.

TUESDAY, First Jockey Club day, Jan. 12. Purse, $400, 2 mile heats.

Winter & Morrison's ch. h. *Hickory John*, 4 yrs. old, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 100 lbs	1	1
Col. Wade Hampton's br. m. *Fanny Richards*, 5 yrs. old, by Md. Eclipse, dam Betsey Richards, 107 lbs	2	3
Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's *Tam O'Shanter*, 6 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, dam Cripple, 118 lbs	3	2
A. M. Tompkins' b. h. *John Wilson*, 3 yrs. old, by Arab, out of a Director Mare, 86 lbs	4	4

Time 3m: 50s.—3m: 56s.

Same Day, Sweepstakes, mile heats.

W. E. Edding's ch. c. *Locksley*	1	1
J. Moore's br. m. *Sophia*	2	2

Time, 1m: 55 s.—1m: 55s.

WEDNESDAY, *Second Day*, Jan. 13. Purse, $500, three mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's s. h. *John Bascombe*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 100 lbs	1	1
Col. W. Hampton's ch. c. *Ormond*, 3 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 86 lbs	3	3
Col. Joseph H. Townes' br. h. ——, 4 years old, by Imported Truffle, dam by Vampire, 100 lbs	5	4
Capt. D. Rowe's b. h. *Vertumnus*, 4 years old, by Eclipse, dam by Defiance, 100 lbs	2 dis.	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's *Paul Clifford*, 3 yrs. old, by Bertrand, 86 lbs.	dis	
Col. J. E. Calhoun's g. f. *Chestatee*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 97 lbs	4	2

Time, 5m: 54s.—5m: 56s.

Same Day, Sweepstakes of $50; entrance $10, two miles out.

Mr. Burgess' s. f. *Anne Jenkins*, 3 yrs. old, 83 lbs	1
Col. J. H. Townes' b. h. *Young Truffle*, 3 yrs. old, as above	2

Time, 3m: 56s.

THURSDAY, Third Day, Jan. 14. Purse, $800, four mile heats.

Capt. D. Rowe's ch. m. *Lady Morgan*, 4 yrs. old, by John Richards, dam by Imported Expedition, 97 lbs	1	1
Capt. J. J. Harrison's g. m. *Miss Medley*, 4 yrs. old, by Johnson's Medley, dam by St. Tammany, 97 lbs	4	3
Col. J. Crowell's br. f. *Lady Nashville*, 5 yrs. old, by Stockholder, dam by Imported Strap, 107 lbs	2	2
Mr. W. Eddings' g. c. *Hualpa*, 3 yrs old, by Medley, dam Virginia, 86 lbs	3	dis

Time, 8m.—7m: 56s.

Same Day.—After the main race, there was an interesting Colt sweepstake, $25 entrance, mile heats, by the following Colts, the produce of *Jackson*, viz:—Col. Key's, Capt. Garrett's, A. Lampkin's, and J. B. Covington's. Mr. Garritt's colt took the first heat, and A. Lampkin's the second and third—the latter by about two feet. J. B. Covington's colt was distanced the second heat.

Time—1st heat, 2m.; 2d, 1m. 57s.; 3d, 3m.

FRIDAY, Fourth Day, Jan. 15. Purse, $400, mile heats, best three in five.

Col. John Crowell's b. h. *Bill Austin*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, 100 lbs	4	3	1	1	1
Major Williams's g. c. *Black Hawk*, 4 yrs. old, by Rob Roy, dam Devil, 100 lbs	1	1	3	dr.	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. g. *David Crockett*, 5 yrs. old, by Falstaff, 107 lbs	2	4	2	4	2
Capt. D. Rowe's br. h. *Vertumnus*, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by Defiance, 100 lbs	5	5	4	2	4
Col. J. E. Calhoun's g. f. *Chestatee*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 97 lbs	6	6	5	3	3
Col. J. H. Townes' s. f. *Eliza Hicks*, 4 yrs. old, by Timoleon, dam by Potomac, 97 lbs	3	2	dr.		

[Mr. Winter's c. f. *Acacia*, and Mr. Burges's s. f. *Sally Jenkins*, entered for the race, were withdrawn before the first heat.]

Time—1st heat, 1m: 52s; 2d, 1m: 55s; 3d, 1m: 55s; 4th, 1m: 56s; 5th, 1m: 56s.

The papers containing complete reports of the late Augusta meeting, and which were forwarded to an individual of this city for our use, by the Secretary of the Club, have never reached us. However, from a regular exchange with all our contemporaries of that city, we found no difficulty in giving an early report. The result of the last day's races had not arrived in town when our sheet was sent to press, and are accordingly annexed from the Chronicle of the 20th.

SATURDAY, Jan. 16th.—*Colts' Race.*—Purse $200; mile heats. The weather was very unpleasant, it having rained during the whole of the previous night, and, with very slight intervals, continued raining during the day. Considering the very bad state of the weather, the course was well attended, and from the number of entries, fine sport was anticipated. The following is the result of the race:

W. Eddin's b. c. *Cowper*, 3 years old, by Medley, dam by Timoleon	1	1	
Jn. Moore's g. c. *Turnbull*, 2 ys. old, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew	2	2	
Winter & Morrison's g. f. *Sally Vandyke*, 3 ys. old, by Henry, d. by Oscar.	3	dis	
J. J. Harrison's f. (not named)	4	dis	
A. N. Verdery's s. f. *Zatilda Day*, 3 years old, by Sir Andrew	5	dis	
Jos. H. Towne's *Eliza Harris*, — ys. old, by Pulaski, dam by Napoleon.	dis.		
F. Tompkins's b. c. *Moscow*, 3 yrs. old, by Columbus, dam by Napoleon	dis.		

Time—1st heat, 1:50; second, 1:56.

Before starting *Cowper* and *Turnbull* were the favorites, and were freely taken against the field. The latter was sadly out of order, or he would have severely contested the race. Both heats were won by *Cowper*, with much ease.

In the afternoon, there was a Sweepstake race, mile heats, between Mr. Goode's *Ned Bucket*, Mr. Leverich's *Muckle John*, and J. J. Harrison's ——; which was won with much ease by *Ned Bucket*.

The Augusta Courier, of the same date, remarks:—"The Colts Race, on Saturday, shewed the promising character of our young stock. The time is unequivocal evidence of it. 1:50 to 1:56 is good time for any horses on any track, but ours were untried colts mostly, and the turf was heavy on Saturday, after Friday night's rain. Of the character of the horses generally, we may say, there has never been such a collection of fine horses in this neighborhood before. But there is a subject which it pleases us to notice more than the character of the horses—it is the character of the men—the people who attended the Course.—We neither saw nor heard of any thing like a quarrel during the whole week. Every stranger was remarking on the good order which distinguished the occasion. It reflects great credit on the Proprietors and Stewards; and those gentlemen, who have connected themselves with the Club for the purpose of controling its agency, and bending its energies to useful and honorable results, have every reason to encourage them to persevere in their efforts. If the good withdraw their influence from our public amusements, what else can be the result but that they must fall under the control of those who are destitute of public spirit, and regardless of any good result, so that their selfishness is gratified? Let the lovers of public order reflect on the tendency of their standing aloof, while they should be rowing on the current and directing its headlong torrent into some useful haven."

We like this latter suggestion, and would add, that the presence on the Course of the fairer portion of creation, not only lends interest to the scene, but is absolutely couducive to a general good feeling and decorous propriety. A more generous spirit of emulation is excited, a great zest given to the enjoyment of the day, and all is sunshine, gaiety and jocund mirth when this gladsome and exhiliratng pastime is graced and chastened by their presence.

SAVANNAH (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The fifth annual meeting of this club commenced on the 27th ult., on the Bonaventure Course, and continued four days. The editor of the Daily Georgian, remarks "The attendance on the Course was small, owing to the absence of so many of our citizens in Florida. The Florida troubles also deprived the Club of the presence of its numerous members from the Southern counties. There was also a great disappointment in the number of stables on the ground, but the fact was that Col. Crowell had given the stables at Augusta such hard work, that they did not wish to follow him to Savannah to repeat it."

The same paper furnishes the result of the meeting, though we are in the dark as to the weights carried, etc. The Milledgeville, Augusta, Columbus, Macon, and other prominent Clubs adopt the Virginia and Maryland weights, viz: 3 yrs. olds 86 lbs.; 4, 100 lbs.; 5, 110 lbs.; 6, 118 lbs., and aged, 124 lbs; mares and geldings 10 allowed 3 lbs, while on the Lexington course, Oglethorpe, Ga. horses carry the South Carolina weights, viz:—three yrs. old, 90lbs.; 4, 102lbs, 5, 112lbs.; 6, 120 lbs.; and aged 126lbs. We can make nothing out of the weights given in the Georgian, and shall be obliged to any turfman who will give us the necessary information.

FIRST DAY, Jan. 27th. Purse $300, two mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's gr. f. *Bolivia*, 4 yrs. old, by Bolivar, dam by Constitution,	1	1
Capt. P. Shick's br. m. *Elborak*, 6 yrs. old, by Sumpter, dam by Bedford,	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 4m.; 2d heat, 4; 4. Won easily by 2 and 4 lengths.

Mr. Henderson's h. *Tigra*, won the purse for saddle nags, after the regular race; whether Tigra walked over for the purse or no, deponent saith not, though as no mention is made of a competitor, time, or what not, people have a right to think so if they choose.

SECOND DAY, Jan. 28th. Purse $500, three mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's b. c. *Bill Austin*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon,	1	1
Capt. P. Shick's b. m. *Molly Long*, 6 yrs. old, by Sumpter, out of Sophia Wynn	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 6: 15—2d heat, 6: 20.

Molly Long led off for nearly two miles, when Bill Austin ran up and challenged—went in front and was never headed, winning by two lengths. The mare seemed distresssed, and though she started for the second heat, immediately "shut up" coming out lame, giving the race to the Bertrand colt.

Immediately after the main race, came off one for a purse for saddle-nags, one mile out, which was won by Mr. Pritchard's h. *Ben Bradley*, in 2 m., Mr. McAlpin's horse coming in second. Both nags were so impatient to start that they never waited for the judge's signal, and so after running the mile, had the pleasure of repeating it.

THIRD DAY,—*January* 29.—Purse $700, four mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's br. m. *Lady Nashville*, 5 ys. old, by Stockholder, dam by imported Strap	1	1
Capt. P. Schick's ch. f. *Patsey Wallace*, 6 ys. old, by Alexander, dam by Robin Grey	2	dr.

Time—1st heat, 8:10; 2d, walked over.

These fine animals met during the last spring meeting at Columbus, when Lady Nashville won the four mile race in 8m. Patsey Wallace, however, won at Charleston, during the same Spring, doing her three miles in 5: 5, says "the Georgian," and beating Bertrand, jr. which was "glory enough for one day."—On the present occasion she was not in racing order—hardly up to the mark, being in too high flesh, and having the misfo.tune to break the plate on her left hind foot on one side, and to spring it on ths other, she was withdrawn after the first heat.

Four nominations were made of untried horses after the 4 mile race, for a sweepstakes, (blank dollars and cents, ages, weights, etc.) Mr. Pickard's Barefoot colt won in 2m.

FOURTH DAY, Jan. 30th. Purse, $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. John Crowell's *Bolivia*, 4 yrs. old, handicapped to carry	99 lbs	1	11
Capt. P. Shick's *Elborak*, 6 yrs. old, " "	86 lbs	2	22

Time—1st heat, 1:51½; second, 1:54; third, 1:56.

The details of this race are annexed from *The Georgian*:—

"On Saturday, the race for a purse of $2000, best three in five, handicap, came off between Col. Crowell's Boliva, and Capt. Shick's Elborak. Elborak being a losing horse, was handicapped, 86 pounds—Bolivia a winning horse, carrying her full weight 99 pounds. It was expected that this would be an interesting race—Elborak carrying so light a weight, nor was that expectation disappointed. At the tap of the drum, they started—Elborak having the better start. In mile heats, there is no time to hold back, and so at it both horses went—Elborak trying to keep the advantage she had gained, and Bolivia hard behind to prevent her. On the back stretch, Bolivia gradually closed her distance, locked on the third turn, and down the last and straight stretch they came at a killing pace; Bolivia gaining by degrees and passing the stand an open length ahead, the mile being run in the superior time of 1m. 51½s.

For the second heat, both horses got well off together, and kept so to the back stretch, when Elborak shot a little ahead for a little while, when Bolivia regained her position, and for about half a mile they locked, making a beautiful race, and neither playing at that; as they turned into the straigh stretch, it was doubtful which horse would win, but Bolivia had the heels, and won a close length ahead. Time, 1m. 54s.

Third Heat.—A good start. Elborak took the lead, and maintained it the third turn when Bolivia made play, came up and looked round into the straight stretch. Expectation was now on tiptoe as they both came rattling down towards the stand; but Bolivia at the end, again put forth her powers and came in ahead about ten yards, thus winning the heat and race. This third mile was done in 1m. 56s.

We never witnessed a more interesting race. From he time, it is evident that there was "no joke." Both horses ran to beat. Elborak lost the race, but lost no credit. This was the fourth purse taken by Col. Crwell.

After this race there was a fine race between untrained horses, which was won by Mr. McAlpin's *Rattler*, beating Mr. Pickard's *Ben Bradley* a half a neck, and Mr. Shelton's *House Cat* a length. This ended the fifth annual meeting of the Savannah Jockey Club."

GREAT TURF PERFORMANCES.

1604. In the reign of King James, John Lepton, of Kepwick in the county of York, Esq., a Gentleman of an ancient family and of good reputation, His Majestie's servant and one of the Grooms of His Most Honorable Privy Chamber, performed so memorable a journey as deserves to be recorded to future ages; because many Gentlemen who were good horsemen, and diverse Physicians, did affirm it was impossible for him to do without apparent danger of his life. He undertook to ride five several times between London and York in six days, to be taken in one week, between Monday morning and Saturday night. He began his journey on Monday the 20th of May in the year aforesaid, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning forth of St. Martin's, near Aldersgate, within the City of London, and came to York the same day betwixt the hours of five and six in the afternoon, where he rested that night:—the next morning being Tuesday, about three of the clock, he took his journey forth of York, and came to his lodgings in Saint Martin's aforesaid betwixt the hours of six and seven in the afternoon, where he rested that night:—the next morning being Wednesday, betwixt two and three of the clock he took his journey forth of London, and came into York about seven of the clock the same day, where he rested that night; the next morning being Thursday, betwixt two and three of the clock, he took his journey forth of York, and came to London the same day betwixt the hours of seven and eight of the clock, where he rested that night:—the next morning, being Friday, betwixt two and three of the clock he took his journey towards York, and came thither between the hours of seven and eight in the afternoon:—so as he finished his appointed journey to the admiration of all men, in five days according to his promise. And upon Monday, the seven and twentieth of the same month, he went from York, and came to the Court at Greenwich upon Tuesday the 28th to his Majestie, in as fresh and cheerful manner as when he first began.

July 7th, 1720, Mr. Bernard Calvert, of Andover, started at three o'clock in the morning from St. George's Church Southward and rode to Dover; thence crossed the Channel to Calais; returned to Dover; and thence back to St. George's Church, where he arrived about eight the same evening, fresh and hearty.

April 1754. Mr. Cooper Thornhill rode three times between Stilton and London (distance 213 miles) in 11h. 33m. 52sec.—The Count de Buffon informs us, on the authority of a letter from the Earl of Morton, that Mr. Thornhill used eight different horses in the first heat; in the second, six only; and that in the third he made use of the same horses which had already served him, riding only seven of the fourteen.

	H.	M.	S.
From Stilton to London, 71 miles,	3	52	59
From London to Stilton,	3	50	57
From Stilton to London,	3	49	56

The match was made for a considerable sum. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform the task in fifteen hours. "I question," adds Buffon, "whether any race at the Olympic Game ever equalled the rapidity of Mr. Thornhill's performance."

A brown mare, thirteen hands three inches high only, the property of Mr. Daniel Corker, was backed to do the three hundred miles, on Newmarket Heath, in seventy-two successive hours, which she completed April 24th, 1754, and had seven hours and fifty four minutes to spare. The match was for 100gs. P. P.—The match was rode by one boy all the way, weight 4st. 11lb., exclusively of saddle and bridle. She went backward and forward from the Six Mile House to the Ending Post of the B. C., and did not gallop more than six miles during the match.

April 22.—24 miles, and baited; 24, and baited; 48 without baiting,	96
April 23.—24, and baited; 24, and do.; 24, and do.; 36, without do.	108
April 24.—24 miles, and baited; 24, and do.; and 48, without do.	96

In April and May 1758, at Newmarket, Miss Pond rode one horse 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours for a wager of 200gs. In a few weeks afterwards Mr. P. rode the same horse 1000 miles in two thirds of the time.

June 27, 1759. Jenison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time on Newmarket Heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he completed in 1h. 49m. 17 sec., with ten horses only, viz:—

1. Merry Bachelor, by Tartar	miles 4
2. Wildair, by Cade, dam by Steady,	4
3. Juggler, by Rib, dam, Sister to Regulus,	4
4. Forester, by Croft's Forester, dam by Las- by,	3
5. Rover, by Bolton's Brother,	4
6. Jach O'Newbury, by Babraham, dam by Lord Halifax's Justice,	4
7. Adolphus, by Regulus out of Miss Layton, Lodge's roan mare	3
8. Jessamy, by Hutton's Spot out of Bay Bucklesby	3
9. Prince T'Quassaw, by Snip out of Dairy Maid	3
Merry Bachelor, second time	3
Wildair ditto	3
Juggler ditto	3
Rover ditto	3
10. Hambleton, by Snip	3
Adolphus, second time	3 14
(Total . . 50 1-4 miles.)	

In 1761 a match was made between Jenison Shafto, and Hugo Meynell, Esqrs. for 2000gs., Mr. Shafto to find a person to ride 100 miles a-day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine successive days; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chose by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket Heath, May 4th, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished his arduous task on the 1st of June about six in the evening, having used fourteen horses only: viz.—

Mr. Shafto's b. h. once.	Lord Montfort's b. h. twice.
Lord Chedworth's ch. m. thrice.	Mr. Surrecolt s ch. h. once.
Capt. Windyard's ch. h. twice.	Mr. Shafto's roan h. twice.
Mr. Thistlethwayte's gr. h. thrice.	Mr. Calcraft's ch. h. once.
Mr. Wildman's bl. m. thrice.	Mr. Rudd's ch. m. once.
Mr. Woodcock's b. m. twice.	Mr. Welche's b. h. thrice.
Mr. Scott's b. m. twice.	Mr. Major's b. m. thrice.

Mr. Major's mare did not begin one day till ten o'clock, Mr. Woodcock having failed to bring in a horse called Quidnunc, after it had done sixty miles by nine o'clock, and then tired; so that he rode one hundred and sixty miles that day, finishing at about eleven o'clock at night, which was the latest hour during the whole performance. Indeed the undertaking was a much more difficult one for the rider than for the horses. The course was from the Hare-park to the Ditch, making three miles; thence went to a three-mile course round the Flat, on that side the Ditch next Newmarket. There were posts and lamps fixed, Mr. W. choosing to start very early in the mornings, to avoid the heat of the day.

September 4, 1780.—Giles Hoyle rode from Ipswich to Tiptree and back again, for the purpose of obtaining leave of absence for Major Clayton to attend the election at Clitheroe from General Parker, being sixty-six miles in six hours.—On the following day he rode with his master from Ipswich to Gisburn Park: they started at six o'clock in the morning and arrived at their destination at two o'clock in the afternoon of the day following, 230 miles. This was performed in thirty-two hours. On the 7th dined at Browsholme, 12 miles. on the 8th, returned to Clitheroe, five miles, and at ten o'clock that night he took horse for Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire, with conveyance-deeds of some borough houses in Clitheroe, for the signature of Mr. Weld. He arrived at Lulworth between nine and ten o'clock on Monday morning the 10th; transacted his business, and returned to Clitheroe on the following evening at seven o'clock; the whole being 540 miles. This he performed in sixty-nine hours. The weather was very wet and stormy through the whole journey.

On Tuesday, April 20, 1802, Mr. Shaw left Barton on the Humber at 5 A. M. to ride to London, 172 miles, which he was engaged to do in twelve hours. Mr. Shaw arrived at the Vine Inn, Bishopsgate-street, having changed horses fourteen times, at 33 minutes after three o'clock, in good health and spirits, being 1h. 27m. within the time. The first 84 miles he rode in 4 hours, and 112 miles in six hours. At one stage the horse intended for him not being ready, he continued his journey, six miles further, making 21 miles, which he accomplished two minutes within the hour. Mr. Shaw reached Lincoln on Thursday night on his return home, and arrived at Hull the day following. He weighed about 10 stone. In June following the parties paid forfeit who betted that Mr. Shaw could not ride from Barton to London in ten hours, using the same number of horses as in the above performance. The original wager was for 100gs. but bets to a very considerable amount were depending.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN LONDON.

We have a most extraordinary partiality for lounging about the streets. Whenever we have an hour or two to spare, there is nothing we enjoy more than a little amateur vagrancy—walking up one street and down another, and staring into shop windows, and gazing about us as if instead of being on intimate terms with every shop and house in Holborn, the Strand, Fleet-street, and Cheapside, the whole were an unknown region to our wondering mind. We revel in a crowd of any kind—a street "row" is our delight—even a woman in a fit is by no means to be despised, especially in a fourth-rate street, where all the female inhabitants run out of their houses, and discharge large jugs of cold water over the patient, as if she were dying of spontaneous combustion, and wanted putting out. Then a drunken man—what can be more charming than a regular drunken man, who sits in a door-way for half an hour, holding a dialogue with the crowd, of which his portion is generally limited to repeated inquiries of "I say—I'm all right, an't I?" and then suddenly gets up, without any ostensible cause or inducement, and runs down the street with tremendous swiftness for a hundred yards or so, when he falls into another door-way, where the first feeble words he imperfectly articulates to the policeman who lifts him up are "Let's av—drop—somethin' to drink?"—we say again, can anything be more charming than this sort of thing? And what, we ask, can be expected but popular discontent, when Temperance Societies interfere with the amusement of the people?

There is one kind of street quarrel which is of very common occurrence, but infinitely amusing—we mean where a little crowd has collected round three or four angry disputants, and no one single person, not even among the parties principally concerned, appears to have a very distinct notion of what it's all about. The place is—Long-Acre, say, or Saint Martin's-lane—time, half-past eleven at night. Some twenty people have collected round a bow-legged, undersized young gentleman, in a brown coat and bright buttons, who has upon his arm a small young woman in a straw bonnet, with one shawl on, and another folded up over her arm. Opposed to the under-sized pair is a tall young fellow, in a brownish white hat, and flash attire; and you arrive in time to hear some such dialogue as the following:—"Who said anythin' to *you?*" (in a tone of great contempt, from the long gentleman, turning round with his hands in his pockets.) "Vy *you* did, Sir" from the small individual in a towering passion.) "Oh! do come away, George" (from the young lady, accompanied with a tug at the coat-tail, and a whimper.) "Never mind him, he an't worth your notice." "Ah! take him home"—sneers the tall gentleman as they turn away—"and tell his mother to take care on him, and not let him out arter dark, fear he should catch a cold in his ed. Go on." Here the small young man breaks from the small young woman, and stepping close up to the adverse party, valourously ejaculates in an under-tone, "*Now*, what have you got to say." "Niver mind," replies the long gentleman with considerable brevity. "What do you mean by insulting this 'ere young 'ooman, Sir?" enquires the short man. "Who insulted the young 'ooman?" replies the long one. "Vy you did, Sir," responds the short one, waxing specially wroth—"You shoved agin her, Sir." "You're a liar," growls the long gentleman fiercely; and hereupon the short gentleman dashes his hat on the ground with a reckless disregard of expense, jerks off his coat, doubles his fists, works his arms about like a laborer warming himself; darts backwards and forwards on the pavement with the motion of an automaton, and exclaims between his set teeth—"Come on, I an't afeard on you—come on,"—and the long gentleman might come on, and the fight might come off, only the young lady rushes upon the small man, forces his hat over his eyes, and the tails of his coat round his neck, and screams like a peacock, till a policeman arrives. After great squabbling, considerable persuasion, and some threatening, the short man consents to go one way, and the long man another; and the answer of all the bystanders who had seen the whole, to the urgent inquiry from a new comer up, "Do you know what's the matter, Sir?" invariably is—"No, Sir, I really can't make out."

We were passing the corner of Bow-street, on our return from a lounging excursion the other afternoon, when a crowd, assembled round the door of the Police Office, attracted our attention, and we turned up the street accordingly.—There were thirty or forty people standing on the pavement and half across the road, and a few stragglers were patiently stationed on the opposite side of the way—all evidently waiting in expectation of some arrival. We waited too, a few minutes, but nothing occurred: so we turned round to an unshaved sallow-looking cobbler who was standing next us, with his hands under the bib of his apron, and put the usual question of "What's the matter?" The cobbler eyed us from head to foot with superlative contempt, and laconically replied, "Nuffin." Now we were perfectly aware that if two men stop in the street to look at any given object, or even gaze in the air, two hundred men will be assembled in no time; but as we knew very well that no crowd of people could by any possibility remain in a street for five minutes without getting up a little amusement among themselves, unless they had some absorbing object in view, the natural inquiry next in order was, "What are all these people waiting here for?"—"His Majesty's carriage," replied the cobbler. This was still more extraordinary. We couldn't imagine what earthly business his Majesty's carriage could have at the Public Office, Bow-street, and we were beginning to ruminate upon the possibility of the Duke of Cumberland being brought up on a warrant for assaulting the Princess Victoria, when a general exclamation from all the boys in the crowd of "Here's the wan!" caused us to raise our head and look up the street. The covered vehicle, in which prisoners are conveyed from the police offices to the different prisons, was coming along at full speed, and then it occurred to us for the first time that his Majesty's carriage was merely another name for the prisoners' van, conferred upon it not only by reason of the superior gentility of the term, but because the aforesaid van is maintained at his Majesty's expence, having been originally started for the exclusive accommodation of ladies and gentlemen under the necessity of visiting the various houses of call known by the general denomination of "his Majesty's Gaols."

The van drew up at the office door: the people thronged round the steps, just leaving a little alley for the prisoners to pass through. Our friend the cobbler and the other stragglers crossed over, and we followed their example. The driver, and another man who had been seated by his side in front of the vehicle, dismounted, and were admitted into the office. The office door was closed after them, and the crowd were on the tip-toe of expectation.

After a few minutes delay the door again opened, and the two first prisoners appeared. They were a couple of girls, of whom the elder could not be more than sixteen, and the younger of whom had certainly not attained her fourteenth year. That they were sisters was evident from the resemblance which still existed between them, though two additional years of depravity had fixed their brand upon the elder girl's features as legibly as if a red-hot iron had seared them. They were both gaudily dressed, the younger one especially, and although there was a strong similarity between them in both respects, which was rendered the more obvious by their being handcuffed together, it is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than the demeanor of the two presented. The younger girl was weeping bitterly—not for display or in the hope of producing effect, but for very shame; her face was buried in her handkerchief, and her whole manner was but too expressive of bitter and unavailing sorrow. "How long are you for, Emily?" screamed a red-faced woman in the crowd. "Six weeks, and labor;" replied the elder girl, with a flaunting laugh; "and that's better than the Stone Jug any how; the mill's a d——d sight better than the Sessions; and here's Bella a-going too for the first time. Hold up your head, you chicken," she continued, boisterously tearing the other girl's handkerchief away; "Hold up your head, and show 'em your face. I an't jealous, but I'm blessed if I an't game."—"That's right, old girl," exclaimed a man in a paper cap, who, in common with the greater part of the crowd, had been inexpressibly delighted with this little incident. "Right!" replied the girl; "ah, to be sure; what's the odds so long as you're happy."—"Come, in with you," interrupted the driver. "Don't you be in a hurry, Coachman," replied the girl; "and recollect, I want to be set down in Cold-Bath Fields—large house with a high garden wall in front; you can't mistake it. Hallo, Bella, where are you going to—you'll pull my precious arm off?" This was addressed to the younger girl, who, in her anxiety to hide herself in the caravan, had ascended the steps first, and forgotten the strain upon the handcuff; "Come down, and let's show you the way." And after jerking the miserable girl down with a force which made her stagger on the pavement, she got into the vehicle, and was followed by her wretched companion.

These two girls had been thrown upon London streets, their vices and debauchery, by a sordid and rapacious mother. What the younger girl was then the elder had been once; and what the elder then was, she must soon become. A melancholy prospect, but how surely to be realized: a tragic drama, but how often acted! Turn to the prisons and police-offices in London—nay, look into the very streets themselves. These things pass before our eyes day after day, and hour after hour—they have become such matters of course, that they are utterly disregarded. The progress of these girls in crime will be as rapid as the flight of a pestilence, resembling it too in its baneful influence and wide spreading infection. Step by step how many wretched females, within the sphere of every man's observation, have become involved in a career of vice frightful to contemplate: hopeless at its commencement, loathsome and repulsive in its course, friendless, forlorn, and unpitied, at its miserable conclusion!

There were other prisoners—boys of ten, as hardened in vice as men of fifty—a houseless vagrant going joyfully to prison as to a place of food and shelter handcuffed to a man whose prospects were ruined, character lost, and family rendered destitute by his first offence. Our curiosity, however, was satisfied. The first group had left an impression on our mind we would gladly have avoided, and would willingly have effaced. The crowd dispersed—the vehicle rolled away with its load of guilt and misfortune, and we saw no more of the Prisoner's Van. Bell's Life.

CHOICE FRUIT.—*Married*, on the 26th December, at St. James', by the Rev. A. Cavendish, George Almond, to Emma Romer, of the English Opera House.

Fair Emma from our stage is gone—
Her name's no longer a *miss* (*r*) nomer:
On *Almond* (whom she's *nuts* upon!)
She's fixed—no more to be a *Romer!*

Police Varieties.

JACK SCROGGINS AND THE CONJURER;

OR, THE HUMORS OF BARTLEMY FAIR.

The ancient court of *Pied Poudre*, which is held during the festival of St. Bartholemew, was enlivened on Monday evening by a case of some interest, in which the renowned Jack Scroggins was the plaintiff; and Faustus Mullins an itinerant conjurer, the defendant. Jack pleaded his own case in *propria persona*, and Mullins in the same way depended on his talent and conjuring qualities for the chance of a get out. Jack came forward evidently laboring under great excitement, and addressing the worthy marshal in a tone something between the creak of a door and the grunt of a pig whose larynx had been affected with inflammation, said—

"Please your Vurship, I has to complain of wery ungentlemanly sort of treatment by this here cove wot calls himself a conjuror. As I was a going, through the fair this here evening as is, I seed 'my nabs' a going on with his conjuration, and making the gentlemen and ladies wot stood a looking at him laugh ready to split 'emselves; so as I haven't had a laugh ever since the fancy's gone out o' vogue, I thought I'd have one free of expense too, and I stood, 'as many fools make many,' to see what was a going on; I seed him turning the cards into all manner o' things, and making what was black appear white; when at last he brings out a bag, what he showed us had nothing in it, and then all on a sudden he cackled out for all the world like an old 'en; and brought out a hegg, and afore you could say Jack Robinson, he brought out three more. Well, thought I, I never seed a conjuror lay heggs afore; but I knowed it was all a trick, and I said he warn't going to gammon me, for I was up to a thing or two afore he was born, and so I was. With that he ups and defies me to come on the stage and find it out. So, thinking o' no harm, and supposing he was a gentlemanly sort of a man, I was flat enough to valk my corpus up; upon vitch he gives me the bag to look at, and satisfy myself there warn't no hegg, vitch I did, and I'm blowed if there was a hegg in it as big as a sparrow's; well, then he bid me look up his sleeves and both hands, which I did likewise. Now, says he, keep your ogles on me, and see as I don't deceive you; vitch I did, when he again cackled, and putting his mauley into the bag, out he brought a fine fresh hegg, as I thought, for he put it into my hand and I found it quite warm. Now, says he, old-stick-in-the-mud, are you satisfied? And blow me if I varn't posed. Then, says he, I'll puzzle you still more; for I'll throw this hegg down your throat, and pull it out o' your ear: If you do, says I, I'm blest if you don't do more than Ikey Bitton, the famous Jew conjuror ever did in his best days. 'You shall see what you shall see!' says he, and seizing my sneezer in one hand, the hegg in the other, he calls to the gemmen and ladies to see this here 'wonderful deception.' He then bid me open my tato-trap, vitch I did, as wide as I could when all on a sudden he dashes the hegg right against my teeth, and smashed it into ribbons, sending a part of the yolk down my throat, and leaving a live chicken in my mouth, which began to kick like a maggot a horse-back, arter which he rubbed the rest of the yolk over my face as your vurship sees. I never vas so sick in all my blessed days; and so I determined to bring him afore your vurship for redress; as know'd your vurship would see fair play between man and man."

The marshal asked Mr. Mullins what he had to say to the charge?

Mr. Mullins at once admitted the truth of the statement; but said that he had been challenged by Mr. Scroggins to a trial of his skill, and would have performed the feat he had intended, but Scroggins, the moment he put the egg in his mouth, scrunched it between his teeth, and thus occasioned the disaster of which he complained; for which he thought he had most reason to complain, inasmuch as he was a chicken out of pocket, which would have been hatched the next day, and in time have laid him lots of eggs for future experiments.

The marshal considered that, in point of law, and consistent with former precedents, this was an unanswerable defence, and dismissed the plaintiff, with a caution to keep clear of conjurors in future; for it was clear he was 'no conjuror' himself.

Jack retired, chop fallen at his defeat, and exclaimed most loudly against the impartiality of the Judge, who he said he had no doubt 'stood in' with Mullins, and was well 'tipped' to encourage his willainy. [Dublin Satirist.

JULIET IN TROUBLE AND JUDY IN RAGE.

Judy Sullivan, an ancient dame, was indicted for inflicting diverse blows on the body of Miss Juliet Donnelly, tearing her bonnet, and dishevelling her auburn tresses. Mr. J. J. O'Brien agent for prosecutrix, requested the gentle Juliet to stand at the end of the table, and take off her glove!

Judy (casting a scornful glance at her) said—Cock you up with gloves, you sercumwenter; little your granny thought that one of her breed would lather her skin.

Juliet. Oh! gentlemen I'll surely faint if you let her at me.

Mr. O'Brien desired the prosecutrix, after being sworn, to acquaint the Bench with the facts of the assault.

Juliet. On last Tuesday evening, your honors, I was walking through Shaudon church-yard, when Mrs. Sullivan came up, and without saying "by your lave," or any other dacent apology, pulled my new Dunstable bonnet off, tore the hair out of my head, and violated me most shockingly.

Judy (shaking her clenched fist at the prosecutrix)—tell the gentlemen, you frisky disky, how you sawduced my child.!

Juliet. Oh! horrible incinnyovation—me to seduce a man? (A laugh.)

Judy. Och, *mavrone*, 'tis you would turn your back to it. On the varty o' my oat, yer riverences, she sawduced him, for they used to be always speechificating like playactors.

Juliet. (curtysing)—'Tis all a foul malicious, your honors.

Judy. Didn't I warn you not to be comin' round him?

Juliet. Take care o' my karacter ma'am!

Judy. Whishy, you havn't much o' that same to take care of. Sure you're well known to be a sawducer o' youth and destroyer of old age. (Great laughter.)

Juliet. I'll bring the law against you for my karacter.

Judy. Yarrah, faith my dear, 'twasn't I stole it, for you're trepanning all the *gorsoons* in the parish, you rat trap. (Shouts of laughter.)

Mr. O'Brien. If that's the fact, it's a man trap she should be called. (Laughter.)

Judy (to Mr. O'B.) *You're* better take care and not get into her trap. (Immoderate laughter.)

Judy (to the prosecutrix.) Tell the gentlemen what you and he were doing behind the tomb stone!

Mr. O'Brien. They were performing the parts of Romeo and Juliet at the tomb of the Capulets.

Judy (to the prosecutrix.) On the varty of your oath, warren't you querestering!

Juliet. No, indeed, your honors, I was only humming to myself, "Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour."

Judy. Oh! blessed St. Peter! I declare most solemnly, your Reverences, he and she were singing "All among the leaves so green, O!" (Laughter.)

Mr. O'Brien. And you beat time on her head.

Judy. You may swear to that. Now, your reverences, I'll tell you the whole of it.

Juliet. 'Tis all lies she's going to tell, your honors.

Judy (making towards the prosecutrix in a fighting attitude)—Pursuing to you, you varmint. why would you give the mother o' the child the lie.

Mr. O'Brien called on the police to protect his client from the enraged Judy, when one of them stood between her and the prosecutrix.

Judy. Well, your reverences, I'll be as cool as pickled cabbage. You see as how it is this lady, with her bonnet and boots, is always running away with the honest women's childer, and among the rest she put her Juda's eye upon my poor *stramelogue* of a Bill, and whipt him off clear and clane. Oh! the deil a good I could get o' him since she stuffed his head with what they calls tragedy! Well, ses I to myself, I'll watch this doxy, as well become me; when he went out last Tuesday night, I makes after him, and who should he meet but Miss Donnely. Well, up with her to him in a jeffy, and what does she do, but clap her hand under his arm, as if he was all her own, and hisses him up to the church-yard.—Well you sees as how I follows them always, and there she was deludin' him, and 'twas with a deal ado I keeps my hands from her—but I had the patience of fifty women. Well, they plank themselves down behind a tomb-stone, while I was shaking and shivering with the fright, as myself was afraid o' the good people in such a place; but no matter about that—by-in-by she begins to querester, and she soon begins with all the fine talk in the world, but when I heared her asking him did he love her, fegs I couldn't hould my breath no longer, and I puts my hand over the tomb-stone and pulls the bonnet off her.

Juliet (interrupting.) Me to ask him did he love me? No indeed, your honors I was only reciting Shakspeare. What I said was—

"O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully."—(A laugh.)

Judy. There now for you, did you ever hear more nor that? See, she can't deny it. Romy is a pet name she calls Bill, your honors.

Mr. O'Brien. Don't mind the name, for "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" but you acknowledge having beaten her?

Judy. Oh, then I do—I gave her two or three wherets o' my fist, and they both ran away before I could catch 'em, and the next morning my poor child listed with the Queen and went off to Spain. (Here Judy melted into tears.)

Mr. O'Brien. How old was this child?

Judy. Nineteen, sir.

Mr. O'Brien. A very pretty nursling indeed.

Juliet (pouting.) I declare, gentlemen, 'twas she was the cause of his going away.

The Bench now stopped the case, 'telling the forsaken Juliet that she had acted wrong in the first instance, by keeping up an acquaintance with the youth, when his mother forbid it; but, at the same time, it was no justification of the assault, and they would therefore fine Judy in the amount of the costs.

Judy immediately paid the money, and the parties left the office.

A YANKEE STORY.—BY G. H. HILL.

We are indebted to Mr. Hill, of the "Park Theatre" for the following Yankee story, and if we can entertain our readers with it as much as he does his hearers we are sure we could not insert a more agreeable article.

Daunty's Visit to Buffalo and the Seneca Village with Major Jack Berry.

Well now, *I wean to man*, I've been to Buffalo. Went slamming and banging along in a kind of a twilight—between *asleep and awake*—dreadful nice way to ride! you can sleep there in a kind of *setting prostration*, and not pay a single four pence happenny for lodging,—awful cheap way to sleep! Well, soon as I got t'other eend of that are *Canol*, I put up at the *Poineer House*,—shocking nice house to stop at,—Chickens, Turkeys, white bread *an* butter—oh Gauley what eating! Well, first man I spoke to was Major Jack Berry—he that faught at the Battle of Chippewaw,—led his men through the back door—dreadful safe way to fight, *now I tell ye*; *putty directly*, the Major asked me whether I'd take a *cock-tail* with him—I tell'd him I guessed I would, and we swigged down two or three glasses:—the Major never paid for but one, and that he got trust for; you see he was a dreadful mean *Critter!* Then the Major asked me to go up to the Seneca Village *an* see his Nation—said he was a great chief—I knew he lied all the time like Satan. So I got up *ahind* the Major on the old Mare, an away she went—real smart horse,—trot a mile in *tew hours!* Well, when we got to Shaw's—half way house—high-draw-licks—dreadful nice place to wash sheep in—Major asked me if I'd take a *Julep*—I tell'd him I reckoned I would, an says he, Daunty, you call for the liquor and I'll hold the horse—for ye see he was a dreadful mean feller, —no I thank ye, says I, I'll take care the mare, *now mind I tell ye!* So we called for the stuff an we drank;—then Shaw looked at me an I looked at Shaw,—and Shaw looked at the Major, and the Major looked at me, an then Shaw looked at *both on us*,—an said the liquor was gone, but it *wasn't paid for*,—and there went fourpence slap *for grog by gauley*. Well, when we got to the Seneca Village, the Major *induced* me to several of his friends. The first one he brought to my notice was Mr. *Greenblanket*—says he, Daunty, this wan studies all-G-bray —dew tell, says I:—the next was Mr. *Steep-rock*,—says I, Major,—'sposin I take that *green blanket*—put it on the *steep rock*, and lie down,—says he you'd better not—trying to *lie down*, you might *slip up*,—so I did'nt *dew it now I tell ye*. Then he Major asked me if I wouldn't like to see the galls,—oh! gauley, says I,—bring in your best. Well, in they come one arter another—faces just the *color of punkin pie*—shocking pretty critters. There was Miss Cane-oone, Miss Yagctio-che-taw,—Miss Twenty-Canoes, an a hull corn basket full more on 'em. Well, I went up to Miss *Twenty-canoes*, to give her a buss and, by gauley, if she didn't let me have the flat side of her hand, aside o' my head, *then it larnt no matter*—an down I went on the floor:—my skull rung like dinglin bell. Just as I got up there was the Major drunk on a *cheer*, and I was left in a pretty pickle for a stranger; says I, I want to *git out!* well, says they, here's Mr. Two-guns will show you the way, so you can *go to hum*—and mind your own business. Well, says I, Mr. Two guns, if you'll lend me one of your guns, I guess I'll go long:—he said he would, an he did,—so I went along, an when we got to the half-way house I asked him if he'd take some *black strap*,—he said he would an he did. Now what *dew* you think that man taxed me?—why ninepence, for tew glasses!—you can get *a hull pint on it* in our town for fourpence happenny, and *pay the hull in Taters!*"

A SAILOR'S YARN.

"Talking of falling overboard," said Tom Wilkins, as William Duncan resumed his pipe, and began to smoke vehemently, "puts me in mind of a gallows good story that I know for a fact. When I was on board the Dryhead, 40, Captain Trunion, there was a fo'castle man named Ned Curtis, a very good feller, and one who tooked all things very easily. I remember once he fell much in the way as your man did, Duncan, only he was in a worse predicament, as the sea was running high, and we was making good way. The captain went to the sides "Hillo, Curtis!" says he, "is that you overboard?" "Ay, ay, sir!" singed out Curtis, "Forward there! down with the boat—quick, a man's overboard," cried the skipper. "No hurry, sir," said Curtis, "take ye'r time, I feel very comfortable." But Ned wasn't left to feel himself very comfortable very long; he was soon hauled in and set upon his pins again on deck. Well! we was lying snug enough off Havant, and this Ned Curtis had a wife; a strapping craft, broad in the beam, with a high starn, and very bluff in the bows; enough to have made five on him. She was a taller chandler's daughter, and Ned had taken a fancy to her, when he was passing by her house, when she was down below in a cellar on a melting day, locking at the men. Ned happened to leer down, and she happened to leer up, just at one moment, and it was a slap shot o' both sides: so he stopt, and not knowing well how to get another sight at her, walked into the shop, and asked the price of tens of dips. He bought a pound on 'em, and dallied about the shop, waiting to see if she'd come up, taking a long time in forking out the blunt, and another longer time in counting it, and passing the change into his starbaard locker, and another long time in looking at piles of soap tin things full of oil, and papers o' starch. But at last up com'd the young 'oman, looking as red as the field in marchantmans' bunting. Somehow or 'nother they all scraped acquaintance, and after a little conversation forred, they bore up for the parlor, and cast anchor round the fire. Ned was at that time jolly good company, so I don't wonder he made his way among 'em; he'd ha' done so with old Nick—he'd got such a confounded insiniwatin way with him. Well! the short and long of it is, that they was spliced, and she was used to come, and stay a week or two on board, sometimes, along with him. They lived very comfortably together: she was a 'commodating temper, and he was of a light hearted and pleasant, and yielding disposition; so they got on famously, and was, as the second leeftenant used to say, a pattern of *connubural facility*; never having many breezes, and keeping, generally speaking, very fair weather atween them. She was a little fond o' drink, to be sure! but that warn't no great harm, as every body's got their failings, and a taste o' grog is very comfortable sometimes, as we all knows. Howsumdever, I'm steering a little wide. Well, one day she was leaning out o' one of the weather bow ports, a draining the water from a pot of 'tatoes, and the craft giving a heel over, she was fairly chucked overboard. A srecious scream she giv'd when she found herself a tumbling; and all on deck was in fine commotion, and Ned com'd running up, quite flabbergasted; he runs to the port, and looks over. But all want no use; the poor woman swimmed like lead, and down she was afore you could say 'Jack Robinson!' 'Shiver my timbers!' cried he, slapping his hands agin his forehead, '*if she hasn't gone over with the key of the tea caddy! Bles'd if I musn't break it open.*" That's a fac,' 'cause I *heer'd* it." [Monthly Magazine.

AN ACCOMPLISHED LOVER.—The following is from a Van Deman's Land paper, "The Colonist," Friday, August 24, 1832—*A Police Incident.*—Last week, a damsel was brought to the Police Office, charged with putting one Miss Norah Mullagan in bodily fear. Prisoner pleaded guilty, but begged that the offence might be passed over, as she had received an offer of marriage from a gentleman, who in all probability would turn her off were she to be punished, and he to discover her disgrace. To prove her veracity she produced the following epistle from her enamoured swain, which we strongly recommend to the perusal of all those who protract their marriages by long and tedious courtship;—"My dear Angel, this comes with a pound of sausages, which I hope will find you in good health as it leaves me at present; I seed you last Sunday for the first time, since which I hav'nt had no peace for thinking of your dear self; I therefore will take it as a great favor if you will marry me as early as possible, as I can earn by my trade and profession an excellent livelihood. I was rat-catcher and sow-gelder to the late Duke of York; I bleed horses and cures the cholerick morbus and all other dumb animals, and have received a good hedication, the children we shall have will get their learning free gratis. I have been School master in Mr. ——'s family for the last fortnight, and have already teached the eldest boy Jography and the manufacture of ginger beer; and as for the second son, I have made him the most best Grammarer and rethmeticher of all the lads I ever teached; so you see I have every chance of prospering; I have bought a Ring and a pair of blankets, and have written to the Governor for his permission and requested the Clergyman to have us asked in Church, he appears to be a very nice sober man, I wanted him to go and have half a pint of rum, but he was too bashful,—

Please send me an answer, Post Paid, I remain my dear angel, your true love.

WILD REVENGE.—On the shores of Mull a craig is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition;—Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, an infant in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which, in those feudal times, was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had, in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been! In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and, lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull. [Inverness Courier.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Redfield, Va.	- - - -	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
Charleston, S. C.	- -	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Wednesday in Feb., the 17th.
New-York City.	- - -	Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May 12th.
"	"	Monday April 25th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $5,000, h. f.
"	"	Tuesday, May 3d, Match, 4 m. heats, entrance $5,000 a side, h. f.
"	"	Same Day, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $1000, f. $250.
"	"	Wednesday, May 4th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, h. f.
"	"	Thursday, May 5th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, f. 100.
"	"	Second Spg. Meeting, Gnd. Match, *North* vs. *South*, e. $5,000, h. f.
Natchez, Miss.	- - - -	Jockey Club Meeting, Monday, Feb. 15th.
"	"	March 1st, Match, 4 mile heats, $5000 a side.
"	"	March 2d, Match, 2 year olds, $1000 a side.
Plaquemine, La.	- - -	First Meeting, 3d Wednesday in March.
St. Francisville, La.		First Spring Meeting. Wednesday March 23d.
Trenton, N. J.	- - - - -	Eagle Course, First Meeting, Tuesday, 19th April.
"	"	Second Meeting, Tuesday, June 7th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Henry wanted 21 days of being four years old at the date of his race with *Eclipse*, which came off on Tuesday, May 27th, 1822; but was obliged to carry the weight for a four year old, viz. 108 lbs. Eclipse being nine years old, carried weight for an aged horse, 126 lbs. At the present date, 104 lbs. is the weight for a four year old horse on the Union Course.

All horses date their age from the first of May.

Col. Johnson's *Trifle* has started twenty-four times, and won eighteen races.

"A Tennessean" will be glad to hear that a spirited man and stallion owner in Virginia writes that *Autocrat's* colts were the finest he saw last season, out of many that came to his stables with mares.

Miss Louisa Phillips *la tragedienne*, made her first appearance as *Cladia*, in Miss Mitford's tragedy of *Rienzi*.

The last time Kean played in London was on the 25th of March, 1833, when he appeared as *Othello*, his son Charles playing *Iago*. He died in May following.

T. B.'s critique on Hamblin's *Norman Leslie* is rejected as too good for the Spirit of the Times.

There is a b. c. *Powhattan* 3 years old, by Arab, dam by Oscar, and a gr. h. *Powhattan*, 5 years old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Iris, on the turf, and both good ones.

The weight carried on the New-York and New-Jersey Trotting Courses is the same, viz. 146 lbs. without distinction of age, whether in harness or under the saddle. The driver must make that weight, when in harness, that of the carriage not being considered.

There is no "distance" in a match.

The suggestions of an eminent turfite at Washington are thankfully received, as will any thing be from his pen.

Post Boy is *not* entered as the champion of the North in the coming match over Union Course! the nomination on both sides, as in the case of Eclipse and Henry, to be made at the starting-post.

The engraving of the Targets, made recently by late members of the New-York Rifle Club is in the hands of the arttst expressly for this paper.

Correspondents not answered this week shall be attended to in our next. Be patient, ladies and gents.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

MONTGOMERY.—BY F. L. WADDELL.

Upon the moon, in peerless pride,
Over *St. Lawrence* rapid tide,
Tremendous in their regal might,
The bulwarks stern of England stand;
On old *St. Louis* streams the light,
With golden beauty clear and bland;
While turret bold, and bastion high,
Uplifted by a giant rock,
With castled walls that mock the sky,
Defy the assailants' charging shock:
For Nature all her aid hath lent
To esplanade and battlement.
Within that cannon-breasted fort,
More than two centuries ago,
Champlain the patriot held his court,
Though rang the war-whoop wild below:
For from the bleak Canadian clime,
Down to the mild Carribean sea,
Over the red men's land sublime,
Triumphant shone the *Fleur de lis*.
And there the gallant Frontenæ,
When Gallia ruled the vast domain,
Hurl'd the invading lion back,
In William and Queen Mary's reign;
When mirth, and song, and merry dance,
Re-echoed from those warlike towers,
And laughing dames from sunny France,
Illumed the soldier's dreary hours.
And there the banner of Montcalm
Waved from the towering citadel,
Till on the plains of Abraham
Wolfe the immortal hero fell;
And Britain's dauntless grenadiers
Tore from the French that snow-white plume,
Which they had worn for fifty years,
And placed it on their leader's tomb.
And now beneath that rampart high
As bold a phalanx are array'd
As they who made the Frenchman fly,
To awe the dangerous escalade;
Awaiting for the moon's delinee,
The arm'd redoubts resolved to scorn;
In valor's fadeless list to shine,
Or perish in the hope forlorn—
Though cold the winter-blast is howling,
And deep in snow their pathway lies,
Above them bristling cannon foaming,
And destiny around them flies.
Oh! memory fondly loves to turn
To those renown'd ancestral days,
When they who sleep 'neath glory's urn
The flag of freedom dared to raise;
When, like that sweet and fragrant flower
Which, trampled on, will brighter shine,
Though crush'd by a tyrannic power
Rebellion grew with strength divine,
For dark Oppression's mighty host:
Had struggled through the Atlantic sea,
And brought her armies to our coast,
To crush thy spirit, Liberty!
Then loud to arms the clarion call'd,
As freedom's war-note round the land
Thy brave *Colombia* unappalled
Came at the warning, sword in hand,
The hunter from the far-off hills,
With rifle true obey'd the call;
The settler left his peaceful rills,
The lad his oxen in the stall,
And armed with pitchfork for the fray,
The rustic left the maiden's charms
Resolved to drive the foe away
Or neer be welcomed to her arms.
O'er stream and vale the conflict broke!
While hill to hill responsive spoke,
In startling echoes, long and loud,
O'er freedom terror wrapt her cloud,
Till stream'd resplendant o'er the fight,
As blushing rose the orb of light
Before its heaven descended fires
That standard which the world admires
What is it mother asked her boy?
When glory bid the banner rise,
Delighted at her eager toy
As flashed its splendors to the skies?
It is thy country's flag my child,
Then swear by it with zeal to stand;
For foreign soldier's have defiled
The altars of thy native land.
Then old and young, from far and near,
Swore by the standard of the brave
To curb oppression's fierce career,
Or fill a hero's honored grave.
Then on the heights of Bunker Hill,
On Saratoga's fatal plain—
By Brandywine's encrimsoned rill
And many a battle-field of slain
That starlit-flag in beauty rose
Victorious over freedom's foes.
Awed by the lightning of its ray,
The lion trembled with dismay;
And, driven to his castled height,
Blazed his artillery on the free,
Who, on the glacis at midnight
Were led by brave Montgomery.
Along the narrow dark defile,
Below the scarped o'erhanging rock,
His phalanx move in gallant style
When burst the thundering battle shock.
In vain they mount the guarded walls
And danger's barriers boldly scale,
Columbia's dauntless hero falls
Before destruction's sweeping gale;
And, holily, we whisper o'er
That martyr'd hero's sainted name,
Who, on St. Lawrence classic shore,
Died in the outstretched arms of fame.
Oft pausing by the hero's tomb,
With reverence the good will pray,
That fadeless be the soldier's bloom,
Whose spirit glory called away.
And, if perchance, the fate of war
Should pass a foeman by his grave,
In peace they'll tread his ashes o'er
In honor to the youthful brave.
With freedom's warriors he shall live
Where her blue mountains kiss the skies;
For liberty will ever give
A wreath to him who for her dies.
While guards the eagle her proud clime,
Shall grateful patriots speak of thee,
And glory on her scroll sublime
Engrave thy name *Montgomery!*

FORREST AND RUSSELL.

Some months since we published an incident in the early life of Mr. Forrest, in which Mr. Russell figured conspicuously, and with credit. The article was generally copied, and among journals, by the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser, which elicited the following ill-natured communication:

To the Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser:

Sir—In your paper of Tuesday last I noticed an articte in relation to the early history of our countryman, Edwin Ftrrest, extracted from ths New-York "*Spirit of the Times.*" Far as it goes, the facts stated in that article may be correct, (except the assertion that Mr. Forrest was *discharged* by Mr. Caldwell,) but the *sequel* of the affair should have been stated, as no one knew the facts better than the informant of the New-York editor. If you think, with me, that the *whole* story should be told, you will please insert the following as a kind of postcript to the article alluded to:

When Mr. Forrest had arrived at eminence in his profession, he never for a moment forgot those who had assisted him in his adversity. It was mainly by *his* influence that Mr. Russell obtained the management of the Tremont Theatre, Boston—but his gratitude did not stop there; he performed for Mr. and Mrs. Russell's benefit no less than four times, (*without charge*) when his services were worth $256 per night. A FRIEND TO EDWIN FORREST.

We can inform Russell of "the local habitation and the name" of this pseudo "friend of Edwin Forrest," and are glad to see the fling at himself met by the manly and frank acknowledgement subjoined:—

To the Editor of the Louisiana Advertiser:

Sir—You have copied in your paper yesterday, a letter from the Mobile Advertiser, signed "A Friend to Edwin Forrest," stating—

1st. "That the assertion is not fact. that Mr. Forrest was discharged by Mr. Caldwell.

I assert *that it is a fact.*

2d "That Mr. Forrest played no less than four times for my own and family's benefits, without charge, when his services were worth $250 per night."

Sir, *he played six times for us;* and I believe that if he were in the country at this moment, *he would play six times more.* No man is more proud of his friendship with Edwin Forrest, than myself, and no man more ready to acknowledge the extreme liberality with which he has more than requitted any services it might have been in my power formerly to tender him.

Yours, R. RUSSELL.

Acknowledgements.—We are indebted to the Hon. Mr. Hammond, M. C. from South Carolina, and to the Hon. Mr. Lee, from this city, for valuable public documents. We are also under sensible obligations to Dr. Bartlett, of the Albion, for a loan of a portion of the paper for the present edition of the Spirit of the Times; we having found it utterly impossible to procure the requisite supply for love or money. Nor must we forget the courtesy of Mr. Snowden, of The Ladies Companion, in offering us the loan of his English periodicals.—The arrival, however, of the Liverpool packets of the 1st and 8th of January, brought us our own, with large parcels of British papers, any of which are at the service of our obliging neighbors.

Yankee novel writing is not quite so paltry a business as it might be by "something considerable." Here's our friend Fay, now, whose "Norman Leslie" has run through half a dozen editions at home and abroad. As "it never rains but it pours" so after making more friends and "filthy lucre," than any poet or romancer out of "the cotton trade and sugar line," his novel is dramatized and he has just become aware of the "*benefit*" of it. Hamblin is a pretty clever fellow after all, and Fay, so is he, and we are another. The benefit was a screamer, though—house fashionable, and brilliant, and full as three in a bed; the way Mr. Hamblin will give Fay his cheque this morning for about $1,000, will be "no wise slow!" "Do so again."

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence, Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf.—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLODDED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING;
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving Dramatic Miniature Portraits—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, {	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theasrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN BORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES.

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance)	$5 00
For Six Months	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

NEW DRAMA OF THE JEWESS.

The reader will find subjoined the programme of the new drama of *The Jewess*, which is now in rehearsal at the Park Theatre, where it will be produced immediately with new dresses, scenery and decorations, in a style of magnificence hitherto unsurpassed. The synopsis of the plot we have copied is from the London Globe of Nov. 17th, which is preferable to any other we have seen among our foreign papers.

Drury-Lane.—Mr. Planche's version of Scribe's celebrated opera, *La Juive*, which has turned the heads of half Paris, was brought out last night with less of ostentation or preparatory puffing than it has been customary of late years to bestow on pieces with not one tithe of its merits or importance. The manager seems here to have acted on the faith of the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," and to have relied with confidence on the quality of his article. Nor has he done so without reason, for it needs no ghost to prophecy a career for "*the Jewess*," to to which that of "*St. George*" himself must veil its head. As a *spectacle*, indeed, every thing that has yet appeared in an English theatre must sink immeasurably in the comparison, and with the General, this will no doubt prove its great and paramount attraction but honest John, after all, has no objection to a little common sense served up along with his finery, and a "story" is as veritably necessary to his comfort in a drama, as what he calls "a tune" is to his full enjoyment of harmonics. In this respect he was abundantly gratified last night, for the plot not only possesses considerable interest in itself, but was admirably elucidated by some very excellent acting.

Prince Leopold, though about to be a married man, is, at the opening of the piece, found in the streets of Constance disguised as a young Israelite for the purpose of prosecuting an amour with a handsome Jewess, the daughter of a wealthy goldsmith of the city. Her father choosing to work at his trade on a high festival, in the teeth of a proclamation to the contrary, is dragged by the populace from his house, and, together with the fair *Rachael*, is about to undergo a very summary punishment in the Lake, when the young lady is rescued by her lover, not without the assistance of an officer of the guard who has recognised his person. *Eleazar* (the Jew) himself is saved from the mob by a liberal-minded Cardinal, who had once before done him a similar good office at Rome, at a time when his two sons had suffered at the stake for heresy. Banishment, however, is now, as then, tacked on by way of rider to the benefit. The Jew finds his daughter safe, and his gratitude to her deliverer, whom he believes to be one of his own nation, is unbounded, till a *mal apropos* intrusion lets him into the secret that the pretended *Reuben* has not only gained a strong influence over *Rachael's* affections, but that he is using it all to induce her to elope with him. This is one of the most powerful scenes in the play; the Jew's love for his daughter induces him to sacrifice resentment to affection, and to offer her hand to her admirer, even after he has wrung from him an admission that he is, in fact, no Hebrew, but a Christian. *Leopold* is now forced to discover the cloven foot, and after a severe struggle declines the proffered happiness, and rushes out, followed both by *Rachael* and her father. He gives the latter the slip, and regains the Palace, but not unobserved by his *inamorata*, who has tracked him through the crowd assembled to witness the grand entry of the *Emperor Sigismund*, and his court. Determined to discover the real condition of her false swain, *Rachael* manages, by the aid of a long purse, to introduce herself into the presence of his wife, the *Princess Eudocia*, whom she prevails upon so far as to obtain an appointment among her maids of honor. *Eleazar*, too, obtains access to the Palace with a similar view, under pretext of bringing to her Royal Highness a valuable jewel, which she is desirous of presenting to her husband as a nuptial *cadeau*. It is during the presentation of this ornament that both father and daughter recognize their prodigious guest at a grand banquet. *Elezar* is about to stab him as he stands, but *Rachael* mediates a more refined vengeance, and sacrificing her own fame as well as truth itself to her revenge, denounces him before the assembled potentates as having, in the disguise of a Jew, had commerce with a Jewess." The ban of the empire is forthwith pronounced against the recreant by a bishop, and in a strain that would not have disgraced Ernulphus himself, while all the three culprits are sentenced to expiate their offences with their lives. The appeal of *Eudocia*, however, softens the heart of *Rachael* towards her faithless lover; she resolves to declare the truth, and die alone. In the interim, *Eleazar*, who has a good deal of the Shylock about him, gives his old acquaintance the Cardinal a hint that a daughter, whom his Eminence had been blessed with before he took orders, did not, as he supposes, perish in the flames at the time when his palace was set on fire by the Neapolitan troops, but was saved, and actually alive at that very moment—*where*, he declines to communicate. The Cardinal first tries persuasion with him, then the rack, but both means are found ineffectual; nor is it till a shout of the populace convinces the expiring Jew that *Rachael* has actually undergone the last penalty of the law, that he exultingly discloses his secret, which as may be anticipated, is the identity of his own supposed offspring with the aforesaid daughter of the Cardinal. Fortunately he has been a little premature, and a nod from the Emperor now saves her in the very crisis of her fate.

In this last, as well as in the prison scene, Vandenhoff soared many degrees above his usual level, and his death was masterly. Ellen Tree too has acquired fresh laurels by her personation of the *Jewess*—a part which she sustained throughout with great force and pathos, while Ward and Cooper were very effective in the Cardinal and *Leopold*.

BAREFOOT,

THE ONLY HORSE IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares - - - - - $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares - - - - - $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

☞ The remainder of this advertisement will be given in our next.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.
jan 23 JOHN DREW.

FOR SALE,

THE FULL-BLOODED HORSE *NIAGARA*, bred at Dosoris, by Walter Livingston, Esq. *Niagara* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Young Romp*—Young Romp by Duroc, out of Old Romp, full-sister to Miller's Damsel, and got by imported Messenger out of Constable's imp. Pot-8-os mare. Niagara's dam, Young Romp, is also the dam of *Camilla* and *Berodisa*, both winners.

Niagara has started but four times, and won three out of those four races, viz:—In the Spring of 1833, a sweepstakes for three-year olds, mile heats, over the Union Course, $600 entrance, half forfeit, seven subscribers. In the Fall of 1833, over the Union Course, he won the sweepstakes for three-year olds, $400 entrance, four miles out, beating Colonel Johnson's *Cadet*. In the Spring of 1834, he won the three-mile purse at Poughkeepsie. In the same Spring, (1834,) he started, entirely ont of condition, for the three-mile purse over the Union Course, and was drawn after the first heat. This is the only heat he ever lost. For these races, see Skinner's "American Turf Register."

In the Fall of 1834, he was badly lamed in the shoulder, and has never started since.

Niagara is a beautiful blood-bay, without spot or blemish of any kind, with black legs, mane and tail; he is about fifteen and a half hands high—an uncommonly deep-chested, muscular, powerful horse, and one of the handsomest stallions of the Northern country. It will be seen from his pecigree that he is a bred-in horse, and of the purest stock, having no blood in his veins that differs from that of his sire, American Eclipse. He would be a valuable acquisition to any part of the country, where well-bred horses, with the strength and power of the Eclipse stock, are wanted for the Turf, Saddle, or Harness.

He may be seen at my stables on Long Island. Should any other or more particular information be required, it may be had by applying to me, at No. 14 Barclay-street, New-York.
feb 13 JOHN C. STEVENS.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

John Richards, Valentine (imported,)
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run on the EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 19th of April, 1835.—First day.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed 1st of January; 12 subscribers.

1. Walter Livingston names *Itasca*, b. f. by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom.
2. Daniel Abbott " *Ophelia*, f. by Lance, dam by Revenge.
3. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
4. Samuel Laird " *Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
5. B. B. Seaman " *Dusty-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
6. Philip Wallis " *Molinera*, f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
7. H. Wilkes " *Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
8. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
9. J. C. Stevens " *Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
10. Daniel Abbott " *Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
11. David Toms " *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
12. H. A. Coenhoven " *Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
13. H. A. Coenhoven " *Bay Colt*, by Memnon, out of Zarina.
14. Jacob Vandyke " *Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

Second day.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added by the Club. To name and close on the first of April. Four or more to make a race.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run at the Second Meeting on the Eagle Course, June 7th, 1836.

First day.—Two-mile heats, $300 subscription, h. f., $300 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To name and close on the first of April.

Last day.—A Post-stake, four-mile heats, $500 subscription, h. f., and $1000 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To close on the first of April.

There having been a very general expression by Turfmen of their preferences for the short distances, as adopted at New-York and at the South, the proprietor, in accordance with their wishes, will hereafter be governed by the same upon the Eagle Course. The weights being the same as on Long Island, will remain so. O. BAILEY.
Trenton, January 26, 1836.